

*The Australian*  
**WOMEN'S  
WEEKLY**

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# The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

SEPTEMBER 30, 1953

Vol. 21, No. 18

## ADVENTURE IN THE SIXTIES

"GRANNY" CONWAY'S feat in junketing round Australia in the Redex reliability trial is a challenge to all women who believe that their lives are "over" at 40, 50, or 60.

Sooner or later in every woman's life she is tempted to fall into this mental attitude of resignation and self-pity.

In a certain year—perhaps on a birthday—she says to herself: "I am now middle-aged, and for a woman that means that life is over."

"Mine is empty, and there is nothing that can fill it again now . . ."

Whatever she may feel about her years and her own life, life itself has no intention of shutting up shop.

It has a habit of going on regardless of individual personal feelings.

The Mrs. Conways of this world have learned that the only way to get pleasant surprises from it is to go looking for them among its counters and showcases.

An exhausting car trip may not be everyone's idea of a treat. Whether it is or not, the central idea remains that there is always an adventure waiting about, if only one looks for it.

It needn't be a trip. The adventure may appear in the form of a new interest—learning a language, joining a welfare committee, perhaps taking up square dancing.

The important thing is to search for it. For one thing is certain: Adventures happen only to the adventurous.

## Australian short stories over the century

Book review by  
AINSLIE BAKER

A GENERAL disinclination in the past on the part of local publishers to reprint old books has made it extremely difficult for any but the serious student to evaluate Australia's literary heritage.

"Australian Round-Up," a newly published collection of short stories, the earliest printed in 1859 and the last printed in 1950, makes a worthwhile contribution to remedying this state of affairs.

The collection has been edited by Colin Roderick, who last year was responsible for the presentation of the much-discussed early Australian novel, "Ralph Rashleigh."

The first piece in "Round-Up" is an incident from "Ralph Rashleigh," which, while not in the true sense a short story, earns its place by virtue of chronological significance.

It is interesting to note that the first of the Australian short stories proper, "Barrington," by John Lang, first published in 1858, is a pure reflection of the contemporary English style, despite the fact that the author was born at Parramatta, N.S.W.

It is not until R. P. Whitworth's "The Trooper's Story," which saw print in 1872, that a form of expression recognisably Australian emerges.

"Round-Up" gives readers the opportunity of tracing the development of this indigenous expression, which saw its full flowering in the work of such writers as Roderick Quinn, Henry Lawson, and Edward Dyson—to name but a few of that lusty group of the 'nineties.

The warm, boisterous comedy of Ernest O'Fer-

## Our cover:

● The sophisticated Miss Riding Hood who is our cover girl this week is an American model. On page 26 you will find details of the special summer offer of the new Riding Hood Red lipstick which we are making to readers this week.

## This week:

● After 12 months abroad in Canada, the U.S., England, and Europe, artist Keith Dalgleish has returned to his native Australia. As his first job since his return he has done the illustration for Margery Sharp's story "The Girl On The Grass," which appears on pages eight and nine. In New York Keith met America's top magazine illustrators, Coby Whitmore, Fred and Sheila Smith (a husband-and-wife team), and Joe de Meere. "Though New York is supposed to be a tough city," he said, "I found the inhabitants extraordinarily kind and helpful. I thought that the reports about the breakneck pace of the city were greatly exaggerated. The tempo in Sydney, for instance, is much faster—at least in the streets and in newspaper offices. Exciting and seductive are my words for New York. It is a fascinating place."

## Next week:

● It was in 1933 that Joan Crawford, who is probably one of the most permanent things about Hollywood, made a "comeback" musical called "Dancing Lady." If you are a film fan of that vintage you may remember that her leading men were Clark Gable (seemingly another Hollywood fixture) and Franchot Tone (whom she married). Also in the cast were two movie unknowns at that time, Fred Astaire, dancer, and Nelson Eddy, singer. Well, the wheel has made a complete circle and now, 20 years later, Joan, whom we admire greatly, is making another musical comeback in an M.G.M. film called "Torch Song." Next week we publish an on-the-set interview with her, telling of the back-breaking work that she willingly undertook so that she can dance for the camera once more.

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Each story was selected as representing the most notable literary qualities of the author; because author and story were judged to contribute something worth while to the stream of Australian literature; and because in the editor's opinion the author's other work would enrich the reader's literary experience.

Our copy from the publishers, Angus and Robertson, Sydney.



# The Romance of Mr. Menafee

Our delightful two-part serial

By PAUL GALLICO

## PART TWO

CONSCIOUSNESS returned, and Menafee could see once more. He lay bathed in sweat just inside the yard curtain while eager hands untangled him from the restraining wire, then pulled him to his feet, clapped him on the back. The yard was full of laughter.

Old Shaughnessy embraced him, crutch and all, while Mr. Will wiped helpless tears of mirth from his eyes. The grooms and ring-lads were laughing, and Papa Tigani was smiling under his curling black moustaches; the three boys were grinning as they marched by sizes and paused to clout him on the shoulder.

Atop his placid horse, Peter was turning somersaults of joy and squealing like a pig. From inside, the whistle piped again, the music changed to a waltz, and the Tiganis swept through to their entrance. The last to pass him was Serena, her face rosy, her eyes glistening with mirth. She cried "Bravo," and blew him down a kiss as she went by into the arena.

Then Mr. Will was shaking him by the hand and saying, "Biggest laugh of the night. Oh, they'll talk about that one. That cunning little monkey knows something when 'e said you was the stuff . . ."

Breath and strength returned to Menafee. What were they talking about? What had happened to him? Who had laughed? He had been an utter, miserable failure.

"Pulled a switch on the act," said old Shaughnessy. "Did ye hear them young 'uns shout? That's the stuff to give 'em."

One of a trio of clowns awaiting their entry said, "Atta boy! Ain't heard a laugh like that since Doodles played Olympia."

"Oh, it was a bona laugh," chortled Mr. Will, rubbing his hands. "They must have heard it on the hill. There'll be full houses tomorrow."

A great glow was beginning to warm Menafee's heart. He understood that they were proud of him. Somehow in spite of himself he had done well. He could not yet remember very clearly what had happened, but the generous praise of the performers headed him like wine and choked his throat with joy. He was weary and shaken, but possessed by a great happiness.

That night there was a party in Menafee's honor in the big, ornate waggon of Papa Tigani.

How they all ever managed to crowd into the one caravan was a miracle. There were eight Tiganis and Mr. Will, Shaughnessy, and Peter. Menafee was the hero and the guest of honor. Mr. Will stood treat to beer, while Papa Tigani celebrated the occasion by opening a gallon jar of wine and supplying endless meat pies and enormous loaves of white, hard-crusted bread.

No one had ever made so much of Menafee before. The tale of his success went an endless round from the lips of those in the waggon, no single detail slighted; just where the

first laugh had come, exactly how the party of toffs in the starbacks, the gentry in the more expensive seats had shouted and carried on, how the children had clapped their hands and screamed.

Menafee had the curious sensation of hearing the word "laugh" built up from the mere language identification sign of mirth into something that was almost physical. This particular laugh was no longer just a gust of sound expelled from the lungs of people and long since dissipated in the night air. It had become something tangible and solid, almost like a medal or a decoration to be worn on his person. It belonged to him.

He found himself wedged in between Mama Tigani and Serena, the place of honor. Mama had donned her most vivid green peignoir and had added brilliant dabs of rouge to her already shining cheeks. Serena had changed to her skirt and a dark red blouse, but she, too, was "dressed." She had pinned a flower

in her hair. To Menafee it seemed as though her beauty filled the waggon.

Artlessly and naturally as a child, she shared his triumph. When the laugh had been sufficiently discussed, Aldo proudly identified the Tigani family with the great triumph that had been scored.

"Serena found him," he declared, "and led him at once to our caravan. She knew he was the great artist without asking . . ."

Papa Tigani sipped his wine and nodded his head in satisfaction as befitting an elder who had been blessed with particularly for-

tunate children. Serena blushed and looked down. So closely were they wedged that beneath her shoulder Menafee could feel the strong beating of her heart as though a wild bird were stirring in her breast.

"But Neddo, that donkey," continued Aldo. "He called out—'Who's the Gajo, Peter?'"

Here Papa Tigani sucked at a black pipe and shook his head negatively from side to side in amazement that such a thing should happen in his family, and Mama Tigani reached over archly and tweaked Neddo's ear.

Peter, hunched on the carpeted boards, a whole sausage in one hand, a tumbler of mild beer in the other, acquired the floor with shocking flights of fantasy dealing with wholly mythical successes scored by his pal in that mysterious "North" from whence he had descended to pay him a personal visit.

Then Fiermonte somehow produced his

To page 45



"Come along now, smile," the clown coaxed, reassuring the frightened child.

Illustrated by

Ben Jackie



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# You build my dreams

A romantic short story by  
**NORAH C. JAMES**

THE boy turned his head to stare at the girl beside him. He felt his heart melt as he looked at her slim golden limbs. Her fair hair, still wet from the bath, curled childishly at the nape of her neck.

The wide bay with its flat golden stretch of fine sand was almost deserted.

"I suppose we ought to be thinking about getting back, Barb," he said.

"Must we? It's so lovely here," Her words filled him with gladness. They meant that she liked being here with him. He spoke a little breathlessly.

"Isn't it lucky that we all came here for the summer, even if your family and mine aren't in the same hotel? But we're able to see each other every day and that's wonderful."

She turned around so that now she could see his eager face. Her own held the soft bloom of her seventeen years. She smiled.

"Of course it's lucky, Timothy. Let's have one more swim before we dress, shall we?"

He sprang up and pulled her to her feet.

The girl and the boy ran swiftly towards the sea, which, calm and blue as forget-me-nots, waited for them. Soon they were in the water. When they came out again they walked arm in arm towards their towels.

"Is your brother really coming down tomorrow?" she asked.

"Yes, poor old Jeff, he'll be hobbling about on sticks, you know."

"Is he like you, Timothy?"

"Oh, no, he's got flaming red hair for a start, and he's a gay chap. He makes you laugh a lot—or did. Of course, after his crash, I don't know whether he'll be the same. Be nice to him, Barb. He'll hate not being able to play tennis or dance or do any of the things he enjoys."

"Will he be able to be a pilot again?"

"I think so. He wrote to Dad and said the Air Force doctors were sure it was only a question of time before he was as fit as ever."

After they had dried themselves, Timothy put his arms round Barbara's shoulders and kissed her cheek. Her skin tasted salty upon his lips.

"Oh, Barb," he whispered, his voice muffled against her cheek.

She moved away gently. "We must hurry. They'll be wondering where we've got to," she said.

The next day Timothy and his father were to drive to the station to meet Jeff. Mrs. Robinson decided not to go with them because she was afraid she might cry when she saw her elder son with his sticks.

Just as they were driving away from the hotel, Timothy's father saw Barbara walking along the street. He pulled up sharply and asked her to go with them. He said, "The sympathetic presence of a pretty face will be all to the good at this first meeting."

Barbara sat in the front seat next to Mr. Robinson, and Timothy, delighted that she was with them, thought about

the return journey from the station. Old Jeff would have to sit next to his father because it would be more comfortable for him. That meant that he and Barb would be together in the back.

As the car gathered speed along the wide main road, Timothy, regarding the back of her head, thought what a wonderful thing life was.

Last night when he had danced with Barbara in the Ship Hotel, he had known that love could be almost painful. That was when he had taken her out upon the wide terrace and they had stood together by the balcony, shoulders just touching. Neither of them had spoken a single word.

Her silence filled him with elation; he thought it must be because she felt as moved as he did. He had taken her back to the dance floor before words could break the perfect moment.

At the station Timothy saw his brother first—a flame of red hair had appeared at a carriage window near the end of the train.

"There he is, Dad," Timothy called, and began to run down the platform. He opened the carriage door and felt a gulp in his throat when he saw how thin Jeff looked and how awkwardly he assembled his sticks before trying to make the descent to the platform.

"Hello, young 'un. Help me out and then perhaps you'll collect my baggage from the rack. How I hate these sticks."

His smile was as gay as ever, but he could not hide a grimace of pain when he moved too abruptly.

Barbara and Mr. Robinson came up at that moment. Without making Jeff feel uncomfortable, the girl saw that his sticks were there to support him when he was out of the train.

He gave her a smile.

"This is Barbara," Timothy said.

"I thought so," he said, and then turned to his father. They smiled at each other. "Hello, Dad, how are you and how's Mother?"

"Very well. She's longing to see you. We've put you in with Timothy in the hotel annexe because the bedroom is on the ground floor."

"Fine. I ought to be able to get rid of these sticks in a couple of weeks from now the doctors say. That'll be a day to celebrate." His brilliant blue eyes blazed in anticipation.

Barbara, walking beside him, thought he was the most wonderful and handsome being she had ever met.

When the four of them reached the large car outside the station, it was Jeff and Barbara who sat together in the back seat.

Timothy knew a searing moment of disappointment when this happened. He had waited to help his brother into the seat next to his father, but before he could do so Jeff, with Barbara's help, had scrambled into the back.

"Barb, you sit in the front with Dad," Timothy had suggested, but she shook her head and got in next to Jeff.

"I take up less room than you, your

feet are like gunboats," she told him, gaily.

So there was Timothy seated next to his father. He could hear Jeff and Barb talking and laughing, but the wind rushed through the car, tossing away the words spoken behind him.

That night when Timothy and his brother were in their beds, Jeff remarked, sleepily, "Young Barbara's a very pretty girl, and she's got sense, too."

In the darkness Timothy felt the blood rising in his face. He tried to make his voice sound casual.

"I know; and she's also jolly good at tennis and swimming. She and I have known each other for quite a long time now."

"Good show." He yawned, and Timothy heard him turning over in his bed. He wanted to explain that Barb was more than just a "good show," that she was the girl he loved, the only one he would love the whole of his life. But Jeff wouldn't understand. He would think of him as too young to feel intensely. He might even laugh at him. So he kept quiet and lay still on his back, staring up at the ceiling.

During the next few days Timothy realised that somehow the relationship between Barb and himself had altered. He found it harder and harder to see her alone. She and Jeff seemed to spend a great deal of time together. In the mornings they would go down to the beach just below the hotel, and she would sit by his side in a deck-chair listening to him talk. For Timothy, the holiday that had been so golden grew sombre.

For Barbara the world had changed, too. She had found a shrine at which to worship. A shrine who was human and gay and charming.

It took her several days to get Jeff to tell her the details of his accident. His engine had cut out on a trial flight, and, to avoid hitting a school where children played in the yard, he had deliberately crashed his fighter plane where it would do no damage.

After that, her worship of him increased even more. It was thrilling to know that he liked her, to be with him. He did like her; he told her so.

She wished that Timothy wouldn't keep coming to ask her to swim or go for walks. He was a nice boy, but the days raced by relentlessly and she did not want to miss a single unnecessary moment away from Jeff.

One night when she was on her way back to the hotel where she and her parents were staying, she heard footsteps running after her. She gave a quick little sigh, and knew it would be Timothy. It was.



**Those golden summer days were so completely  
perfect that it didn't seem possible that a  
cloud could darken their radiance**

"Well?" she asked.  
"Barb, you haven't forgotten that we're going fishing all day tomorrow, have you? We planned it two weeks ago."

He felt as if there was a cork in his throat. He knew, before she answered, that he was a fool to ask her. He knew what she would say, but he could not help turning the knife in his own heart.

"Oh, Timothy, I can't, not tomorrow."

"Why?" His voice was a whisper, his face in the moonlight seemed to have lost its golden color.

"Well, I promised Jeff I'd go with him to watch the finals at the tennis club."

"Dad would go with him. He likes watching tennis." His voice was stubborn.

"I think you're being horrid about your brother, Timothy. It's awfully selfish of you when you know what a beastly time he's having. We can go on that fishing trip later on."

"I'm not horrid, and you promised," he insisted.

"Well, I'm sorry, but I'm not going with you. I must hurry now. Mother will be wondering what's happened to me. Good night, Timothy."

He turned away and hurried off.

He wondered whether to have it out with Jeff. But what was the good? His brother wouldn't understand what he was doing about Barb. Besides, one didn't admit that one was hurt and desperately jealous.

The next day he went off alone to fish. He didn't want to go, but his pride held him to his plan.

As Timothy walked slowly down to the bay where the fishing boats were anchored, the sun was already sending down a powerful heat. He thought, it'll be a rotten day for fishing, anyway. Maybe I'll just row around and land on some beach.

He rowed for some time and then pulled the boat into a beach.

He took his haversack and began to climb the cliff.

Timothy lay down on the grass. He put his hands beneath his head and stared up at the blue sky. In this lonely place he could search his inviolate heart. Barb no longer cared about him. She had fallen for Jeff. His own brother.

In the sunny, silent place a groan escaped Timothy. The agony of loss overcame him. Bitter sobs choked his throat and shook his whole body.

Afterwards when the storm was over, Timothy lay quite still for a long time. Presently the peace of the day, filled with the gentle sounds of nature, did something to ease his heart a little of its burden. He made up his mind that he would say nothing more to Barb, make no more demands upon her time. He would try to stand by her as her friend, and perhaps some day . . . some day . . .

Sitting in her deck-chair next to Jeff's at the tennis club, Barbara was supremely happy. Once his fingers brushed against hers as he raised his hands to applaud a smash at the net.

The touch sent the pulses pounding in her body.

When the interval for lunch came, Jeff said, "Tell you what, let's have something to eat here. We can let the others know we shan't be back. It'll save the trip between here and there."

"That would be marvellous."

"Then I'll crawl along and see about a table while you do the telephoning."

When she had telephoned she went to the dining-room. She saw Jeff sitting at a table in a corner. He waved to her and she went across to him, feeling shy. It was the first time she had ever had a meal alone with a man of his age. Her eyes were shining when she reached him.

"Like a drink first?" Jeff asked.

"I would like a sherry," she told him. Jeff raised his glass and said, "To you."

As the meal went by, her eyes became even more starry. She listened to Jeff's voice as if it were a violin bow playing upon the chords of her sensitive young emotions.

Jeff, enjoying the meal, was completely unaware of the havoc he was working in her.

When they had finished lunch, they went out again to the centre court. By this time, Barbara was too happy to follow the game.

The golden hours passed until it was time for Jeff and Barbara to go back to their hotels.

She moved beside him through the crowd, thinking how much other girls, seeing her, must be envying her at having Jeff as a companion. Marvellous Jeff, to whom she had given her heart.

She went with him as far as the Ship Hotel. He wanted her to come in, but she did not want to meet anyone just then. They stood for a moment on the terrace. It was deserted. Barbara gazed at him. Very tenderly he kissed her forehead.

"Thank you for a lovely day and for being so kind to a creak like me." Then slowly

*To page 34*

*Her words filled him with gladness. "Must we go?" she said. "It's so lovely here."*

Illustrated by Boothroyd







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# The Celebration

**It isn't always easy to know what a woman is thinking — even if she is your wife.**

**B**RUCE CLARKE was headed home on the train when it first occurred to him not to tell Phyllis straight away about getting the job of assistant manager for the firm. He knew it would be unkind—withholding the wonderful news from his own wife—but it seemed a way of finding out something he wanted to know very much.

So many times lately at night when they were settled down after the evening meal, he had put down the newspaper and had found her looking at him. Each time he had wondered what might be drifting through her mind.

He had always found the same answer; she had probably been thinking that he had let them down, the children and herself, working at the same job for six years without promotion, earning a salary that just missed providing for all their wants.

She had never suggested such a thing, and he could be wrong, but he remembered now, staring through the train window, all the things she'd mentioned that she would like to have and didn't.

They were simple wishes, mostly for things for the house, but they were important to her. Had his failure to give them to her changed her, lessened her respect and affection for him? He had to know.

He knew that when they were first married she was as ambitious for him as he was for himself, and the fact that his hopes had never materialised may have subconsciously changed Phyllis' feeling for him.

Women were funny, after all. You could live together for years and yet finally discover you knew nothing about them. They were much cleverer at hiding their emotions than men.

A station flashed by, and he smiled as he remembered the way the promotion had come—like the traditional bolt from the blue.

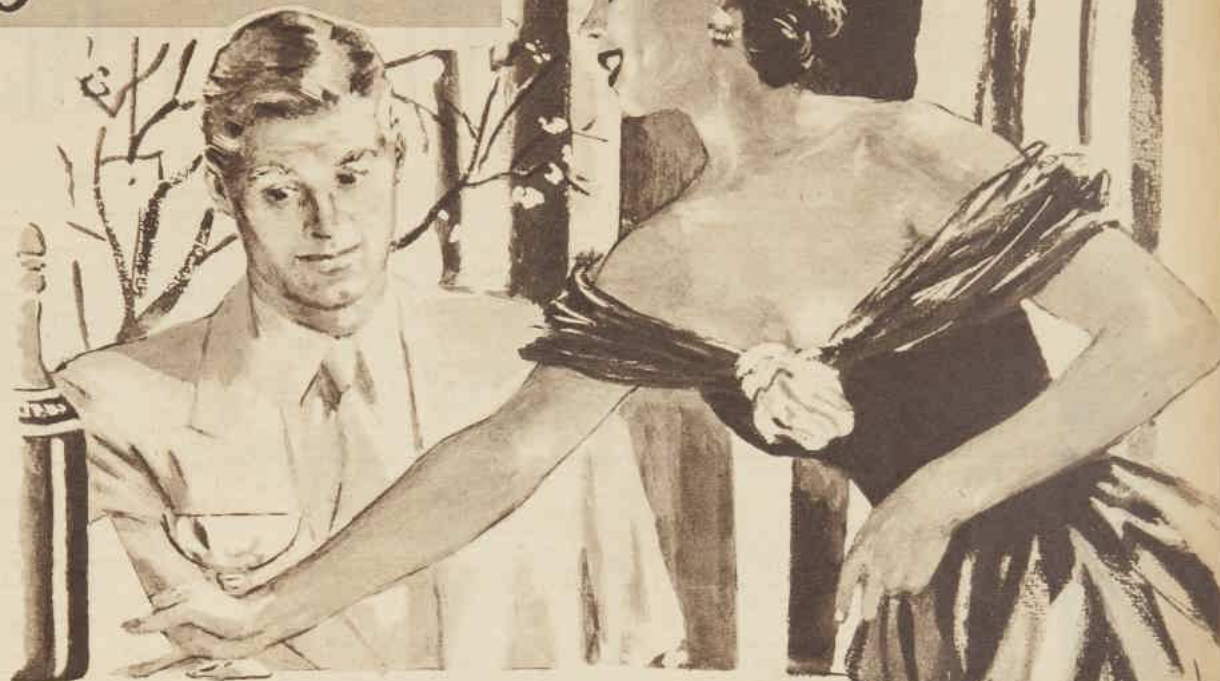
Two days ago the rumors had swept through the office. The assistant manager had left the company, and everyone said that either he or Charley Grimes would be picked for the job.

He couldn't wait to get home that night and tell Phyllis about the rumor; the new job meant a big rise. When he had told her, she'd thrown her arms around his neck and kissed him.

"Oh, Bruce, wouldn't it be wonderful?"

"Yes," he had said, "but I haven't got it yet. Don't forget Charley Grimes."

"Charley Grimes!" Phyllis snorted derisively. "How can they think about you and him in the same breath? It's quite ridiculous. After all, apart from your much better



**BY WALTER HAYDOCK**

qualifications, you've been with the firm longer."

Bruce couldn't help smiling at Phyllis' loyal and loving little speech, but, in fairness to Charley, he felt he had to add, "Hold hard, darling. I've been there only three weeks longer than old Charley."

"Three weeks are three weeks," said Phyllis decisively, and again Bruce smiled.

But today he had won in a walk. He had been called to Masterson's office, where the general manager was waiting with his hand outstretched.

"We've appointed you assistant manager, Bruce," he said, and that was it.

And now, Bruce thought, as the train roared towards the station, he could throw open the front door and say: "I got the job today."

That would be the natural way, but if he did that he wouldn't find out what he wanted to know—what would be left if he hadn't got the job? How would he stand with Phyllis if he had failed?

He did not have it in him to deceive her and to tell her that he had lost when he had not, but he could wait, say nothing, and see what happened.

At his station, he jumped into a taxi, and a few minutes later he slid his key into the lock. Phyllis was waiting, her soft hair swept back, her dark eyes shining.

She had on her very best frock, one she wore only on the most important occasions, and had added a beautiful hand-made flower to the corsage.

In answer to his questioning eye she said gaily, "I bought the flower this morning. Isn't it lovely, Bruce?"

It was harder than he had thought, this thing he was trying to do, but he smiled casually and kissed her. She cocked her head and for a moment seemed to stare at him inquiringly; then she took him by the hand and led him to his favorite chair.

"Sit down," she said with a tinge of excitement in her voice. "I'll get the drinks. I put the children to bed early tonight."

He glanced at her inquiringly. There was something different about her tonight—her black dress, her hair so prettily fixed. And, too, it was he who generally got the drinks when they had them. She brought the glasses, poured the drinks, then sat beside him on the sofa. She clinked her glass gaily against his.

He wondered how long she would be able to pretend indifference to the news that must be so important to her. She knew that today was the day of the decision. One way she would get all the things she wanted; the other way would leave her as she was before.

When they had finished their drinks, she set down her glass.

"Dinner's ready," she said. "Shall we go in?"

He followed her into the dining-room and stared in surprise at the table. Between the two tall candles on the smooth white cloth there was a large bowl of fresh daisies and dark red roses, and at their places the best sterling silver lay in even, gleaming rows.

"Sit down," she said with the same suppressed excitement he had noticed before. "I'll be back in a minute."

He sat down, and she hurried into the kitchen. She came back in a few minutes with a platter of roast beef and browned potatoes and put it down in front of him. Then she brought the vegetables, the peas and creamed onions, and put them on the table.

"You can start carving," she said. "It should be nice and underdone in the middle the way you like it. I've just got one more thing to do. I'll be back in a minute."

He picked up the carving knife and fork, but paused for a moment

to look around the beautiful table. It was so obviously a party, a celebration for his success. Did it mean that she would accept nothing less?

He had started slicing the beef when she came back to the table, proudly carrying a bottle of champagne.

"It's good and cold," she said.

He put down the knife and fork and looked at the label. It was the kind of champagne he loved—on the rare occasions that he drank champagne.

"And now," she said with a smile, "Tell me what happened today. What about the job?"

He was relieved that she'd asked; he couldn't have enjoyed dinner if he hadn't told her.

"I landed it," he said. "Meet the new assistant manager."

"Oh, Bruce," she said and rushed to kiss him.

For a moment she fumbled in the deep pocket of her frock, then pulled out a white card which she carefully propped up against the side of the bottle.

"Just to make it all official," she said gaily.

He leaned forward and read the words in her large, clear handwriting. For the winner, with all my love. Phyllis.

He kept his eyes fixed on the white card. Oh, yes, he thought, to the winner go the garlands and the feast, but what if it had been the other way? Somewhere in his mind the question would always lurk.

"Oh, silly me," Phyllis said. "I've forgotten the champagne glasses. They're in the refrigerator getting chilled."

Watching her go to the kitchen, he saw the movement of her hand from her pocket to the mouth of the silver vase on the sideboard. It happened so quickly that he scarcely realised what she'd done, but when she went through the swinging door

*"Just to make it all official," Phyllis said gaily, putting the card against the bottle.*

he got up and went over the sideboard.

In the bottom of the vase he found it—a white card, the same size as the one she had propped against the champagne bottle. He read it—the other message that might have been. For the loser—better luck next time. With all my love, Phyllis.

(Copyright)



# The Girl on the Grass

**I**N cities, in summer, in fine weather, the parks become picnic grounds. Clerks and typists bring out sandwiches; mothers and children from the suburbs unpack milk bottles and hard-boiled eggs as well as sandwiches. Errand boys drip ice-cream. Tramps ferret through ambiguous parcels. Elderly ladies, in couples, share cake and a thermos of coffee. Only the rich, through force of habit, continue to lunch at restaurants or their clubs; and even they often stroll and sit in the park afterwards.

Mr. H. E. Carstairs (Iron and Iron Ores Consolidated), after lunching at his club, decided to spend half an hour in Green Park. Unlike the typists and the clerks, he could return to his office as late as he pleased. He found a vacant deck-chair, sat down in it, and opened his "Financial News."

In cities, in summer, in fine weather, all the girls come out in cotton frocks. For about three acres all round Mr. Carstairs the long, uncut grass was vivid with blondes in blue, and brunettes in pink, nested to eat and chatter, or lying flat on their backs with their noses to the sun.

Mr. Carstairs noticed them generally and impersonally. He wouldn't have recognised his own typist and, indeed, wouldn't have wanted to. He must have read at least two columns of his "Financial News" before he noticed, as an individual, this one girl on the grass. He noticed her because she was looking at him.

The power of the human eye is in this respect notorious. Children sometimes make a game of it, staring till their unconscious victims, preferably adult, look uneasily up and back. This girl, however, was no child, though her thin black dress moulded a body small as a skinny teenager's. (Black; the dark unexpected note individualised her still further to Mr. Carstairs.)

She was lying flat on the grass a few paces to Mr. Carstairs' right. Her eyes were light and long. When she saw Mr. Carstairs was looking back at her, she dropped them; and a lock of fair hair dropped, too, hiding her whole face as she buried it in the grass.

H. E. Carstairs turned to the American Market. For a moment he had actually felt flattered—and how absurdly, before what was no doubt a mere focusing of sun-dazzled eyes! All the same, it aroused in him an odd and unexpected nostalgia. Thirty years ago, when I was young—thought Mr. Carstairs. He in fact greatly preferred being successful and middle-aged.

When he looked up again, the girl was looking, too. She had propped her chin on her fists and this time there was no doubt about it, her look was . . . admiring. Mr. Carstairs turned to Company Topics. He wasn't a vain man. He hadn't, at fifty, a paunch, but that was about the most he'd say for himself.

At any rate, he was quite certain he didn't resemble any film star—so the girl couldn't have been after an autograph. What the deuce, then, was she after? Was she simply lonely? Casting a now wary glance over the top of his paper, Mr. Carstairs marked several unattached youths within easy range. Perhaps as soon as he was gone she would turn her admiring gaze on them.

Yes, but why should she wait?

Mr. Carstairs gave a mental shrug, folded

his paper, quitted his chair, and went back to work.

His charming wife, that evening in their charming home, for once rather irritated him. Two neighbors came in for bridge, and Susan Carstairs played so much better than her husband that her eye, if not her tongue, was constantly rebuking him.

Aloud she said nothing worse than, "Well, old man!"—but Mr. Carstairs found that irritating, too. Brushing his teeth before the bathroom mirror, he told himself he wasn't so old as all that. He also told himself not to be a fool.

If the next day, too, hadn't been so extraordinarily fine he might have read the paper at his club. He might or he mightn't. In any case, the day was brilliant: the sun shone, the sky blazed blue, and after lunch—just because he wasn't a fool—Mr. Carstairs again walked into the park.

He didn't sit in the same place. Actually, there wasn't a vacant chair there, and neither he nor his suit was built for sprawling on grass. He had to walk all the way to the little baroque fountain—the one wreathed with crumbling truelove knots—before finding so much as a bench. There he sat down and opened his paper to enjoy a moment of solitude and tranquillity.

He had just digested Notes on Iron and Steel when he felt her looking at him. She was lying about ten paces away, her elbows in the grass, her chin propped on her fists, and her eyes fixed on his.

This time they recognised each other. But no more than that; the girl didn't smile or speak; no more did Mr. Carstairs. And she at least seemed perfectly content simply to lie there on the grass and from time to time look at him as . . . as a cat might look at a king. The image suited her: she was like a thin black cat, graceful only because she had graceful bones. One could almost see them, she was so skinny; more remarkable still, almost feel them.

When she smoothed her dress, passing her small narrow hands over her small narrow body, Mr. Carstairs had the curious illusion that he, too, felt through his own fingers' tips the small bony protuberances that were her ribs . . . He passed quite close to her as he left the park, but at a moment when she had her face in the grass.

That was on Friday. He had first seen the girl on Thursday. The weekend he spent gardening under wifely supervision; but on Monday he quite deliberately went back to look for her again.

For now began a most curious period, a sort of emotional excursion in Mr. Carstairs' life. He went each day after lunch into the park and sat there some fifteen or twenty minutes, and each day the girl, now nearer, now farther off, but still as it were beside him, lay and looked at him from the grass.

Mr. Carstairs had no idea at all what he was doing. He had no idea what would happen, or even what he wanted to happen. He simply felt the girl's neighborhood a sort of necessity to him. It he took slightly more trouble than usual over his appearance—went to the barber, for example, a trifle prematurely—he did so quite without thought.

And if, on the other hand, he neglected to cut the customary rose for his buttonhole, that was done without thought also. Only Mr. Carstairs' subconscious, which he never examined, could have explained that he wanted to keep his garden out of the park.

On Wednesday she spoke to him.

She was lying, as usual, a few yards from his chair. A vague wind-borne chiming marked some minute between the hours; the girl stirred, rose, and wavered across the grass.

I believe she's going to speak to me, thought Mr. Carstairs.

She was. In a soft, sweet, uncultivated voice she offered the classic phrase: "Please could you tell me the right time?"

Mr. Carstairs drew out his thin gold watch (gift from his wife on their tenth anniversary) and said it was a quarter to two.

Like a Japanese flower in a glass of water—like a lily under the sun—she seemed at once to blossom and to collapse. "I'd thought it was later," she murmured. "Thank you very much."

And immediately she was curled in the grass again, this time so close to Mr. Carstairs' left foot that at the least movement he must have grazed her smooth, immaculate, virginal cheek.

Or was it?

The girl was now so very near to him that the shadowing of mascara round her light, now closed eyes was distinctly apparent. She certainly used make-up; and Mr. Carstairs was no fool. But how frankly she offered herself to his inspection!

Mascara and lipstick had done what they could for her, but her small pale face was that of any city urchin—far from beautiful, not pretty even; at the most, touching. Her body was better. As Mr. Carstairs had marked before, its very thinness gave it elegance.

He heard himself say brusquely, "Don't you ever eat lunch?"

She opened her eyes and, without otherwise moving, repeated that movement of small narrow hands over small narrow bones. "Not often. My sister-in-law gives me breakfast . . . Am I as thin as all that?"

"Haven't you a job?" asked Mr. Carstairs. "Can't you get one?"

She moved her head from side to side in the grass. "I don't want a job . . . thanks."

Well, that was something, thought Mr. Carstairs. He was tired of people wanting jobs, and expecting him to provide them. At the same time, illogically, he felt an impulse to concern himself for this child. (Already on her face in the grass again. How easily distracted! Pushing her nose between the stems, like a cat in a catnip!)

Because she was too thin altogether, thought Mr. Carstairs, remembering those small, sharp-edged ribs; a sister-in-law's breakfast, and for the rest of the day—probably buns. About to supply the address of a typing school, he heard himself curtly inviting her to lunch.

"Meet me tomorrow at one, at the Piccadilly

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*The girl didn't smile or speak. She seemed perfectly content to lie on the grass and look at him.*

**Short story by noted author MARGERY SHARP**

Illustrated by

Keith Dalglish







gate," instructed Mr. Carstairs. "Afterwards, we'll see what can be done about you."

What the deuce had possessed him?

Several times, during the course of that afternoon, Mr. Carstairs so questioned himself. What the deuce had possessed him? He wasn't in the habit of picking up girls in parks.

This particular girl, moreover, was barely presentable. He would have to take her somewhere very quiet, or else very big, where she wouldn't be noticed. He didn't anticipate any rational conversation, and it certainly wasn't his business to find her employment. What, then, was it, what quality was there in her that had made him act so thoroughly out of character?

The answer came, unexpectedly enough, as he was in the middle of dictating a letter to his secretary. Mr. Carstairs paused for a word; Miss Briggs, her efficient pencil poised, waited cool as a cucumber and about as expressionless, and by the very absence of the quality in her Mr. Carstairs identified it.

Flattery.

Quite badly, the girl on the grass flattered him. She flattered him by looking at him—or by not looking at him. There was flattery in her eyes, in her drooped lids, in her voice, and in her whole bearing—passive, docile female to his male.

And women, thought Mr. Carstairs suddenly, women ought to flatter; whereas they seemed to have forgotten how. Secretaries, for example, used to flatter their employers; they used to be devoted and inferior. Miss Briggs had a university degree and was engaged to a Civil Servant. She often corrected Mr. Carstairs' grammar.

Wives, also, used to flatter; they also used to be devoted and inferior; Mr. Carstairs' own Susan not only played better bridge than he did; she also drove a car better—very minor points, no doubt, but ones constantly cropping up in their normal domestic life. Moreover, she was as efficient in her house as he was in his office, and for

## Continuing . . . The Girl on the Grass

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her age a good deal more attractive.

How could she, then, honestly, flatter him? Mr. Carstairs admitted the dilemma, and at the same time recognised that flattery was what he wanted.

He became aware that Miss Briggs had very quietly laid her pencil down. Her gaze was now speculative—but not solicitous, oh, dear, no! She wasn't going to ask if he had a headache; she wasn't going to run for an aspirin; she was just going to sit there and wait till he came back to business.

"Where was I?" asked Mr. Carstairs.

"The representative who we shall send to Canada—" replied Miss Briggs at once. "It ought, of course, to be 'whom'."

Mr. Carstairs regretted his extraordinary behaviour no longer. He wanted to get back, as soon as possible, to the girl on the grass.

She stood him up. She wasn't there, at one, at the Piccadilly gate. She didn't want, it seemed, to be given lunch and have something done about her.

At a quarter-past two Mr. Carstairs ran her to earth near the bandstand. Literally to earth: she was lying quite flat, face downward, buried in the grass.

The curious thing was that as soon as he arrived within a couple of yards, she looked up. He hadn't spoken, or called to her. She just looked up.

"I hadn't the right clothes," she said.

Mr. Carstairs, lunchless, looked down at her ironically. "Did you imagine I was taking you to the Ritz?"

"No; somewhere quiet. Or big, where I wouldn't be noticed."

He flinched. This was, of course, exactly what he had intended, but he hadn't meant her to realise it. Yet she didn't seem in the least resentful; her long eyes rather placated him. Flattered him!

She said softly, "You're so distinguished, you'd be noticed

anywhere. I didn't want to let you down."

Mr. Carstairs was touched. He wasn't quite touched enough to sit down on the grass beside her, and there was no vacant chair, so he had to stand; but even this accident, by making him feel uncommonly tall, encouraged forgiveness.

"Another time, don't be so silly," he said. "I'll take you wherever you like."

She hardly hesitated a moment. She might have been expecting those very words. "Then I'd like to go into the country."

"Into the country?" repeated Mr. Carstairs—a little taken aback.

"You know," said the girl. "Where the evening's nice and cool."

Now it so happened, by a peculiar coincidence, that on the next day, Friday, Susan Carstairs was leaving for a weekend visit to her mother. It was customary on such occasions for Mr. Carstairs to give their cook a holiday by taking most of his meals out. His absence next evening would therefore scarcely need to be mentioned.

"We'll go tomorrow," he told the girl. "But if you're not at the gate at six I shan't wait."

On Friday Mr. Carstairs bade his wife a temporary adieu with rather more affection than usual, mentioned that he would dine out, and put in a full day's work at the office. He still didn't know what he was doing.

Immediately—and this he wryly enough admitted—he wanted to be flattered about his driving. He wanted someone to sit beside him in the car. As a rule, he sat beside his wife; even when conveying guests it was she who drove.

Mr. Carstairs looked no farther than a pleasant run towards the coast, and, of course, a pleasant run back. It wasn't till they had left London behind—for this time the girl was there waiting—that Mr. Carstairs began even to think about dining.

It was obvious that they

would have to dine somewhere before the evening ended.

Out of the tail of his eye—he was driving brilliantly but with concentration—he briefly considered the girl's appearance. She was wearing her thin black dress, no hat. Glancing down, he registered no stockings, high-heeled black shoes. He also registered, and this momentarily distracted him, an extraordinarily large handbag.

For it was so unusually large, such a mammoth of a bag, that it might easily have contained all the girl's earthly possessions. More particularly, it could easily contain a brush and comb. It could easily contain a night-dress.

In short, it might easily have been not a handbag at all but the sort sold as "weekend."

Mr. Carstairs deliberately ignored it, and began a mental review of all possible dining places on their route. He knew of several; most of them also knew him. He and his wife were rather fond, in summer, of a run out of London as far as the Bush, or the Crown, or the Castle Inn. Mr. Carstairs instinctively rejected them. They were too sophisticated, too elegant.

Even at such humbler hostilities as the Dragon, or the Rose (also on their route), he felt his companion's appearance might be embarrassing. She looked, away from the park, so conspicuously undistinguished.

As they passed a large suburban store he toyed for a moment with the notion of sending her in to buy a cotton frock; but the implications of this alarmed him, and he accelerated, rather rashly, forcing a cyclist into the kerb.

"What's worrying you?" asked the girl.

How intuitive she was! How sympathetic! How quickly she sensed, and allowed for, a man's preoccupations! Susan Carstairs would quite simply have taken over the wheel. Miss

Brigg would have preserved an icy silence. But this girl just . . . sympathised.

Mr. Carstairs looked at her kindly and merely shook his head, as though whatever worried him was naturally beyond her comprehension. She looked admiringly back.

"I expect you've a lot on your mind."

"I have," agreed H. E. Carstairs.

"I think men, the way they run things, are just wonderful."

The grossest flattery is quite often justified. If a hero is heroic, why not tell him so? If a man runs an organisation more or less singlehanded, why not tell him he's wonderful? Mr. Carstairs' directors didn't; they just paid him a whacking great salary.

"My dear—" began Mr. Carstairs; and paused, for it was the curious fact, and yet in one sense not so curious, that he didn't know the girl's name. He hadn't, to be honest, wished to tell her his own. But if they were to spend an evening together, the situation was obviously impossible.

"By the way," asked Mr. Carstairs, "what's your name?"

The result of this very simple question was striking. Most people, asked their names, can answer without thinking. But this girl twisted round, one elbow over the back of her seat, and regarded Mr. Carstairs not only thoughtfully but expectantly. As though she expected him to supply the answer, to say "Mary," for instance, or Betty or Kitty or Pat, leaving her only to assent.

"What would you like me to be called?"

" Sylvia," said Mr. Carstairs. And if she didn't know why, he did.

" Sylvia!" called Mrs. Carstairs—old Mrs. Carstairs. H. E. Carstairs' mother—" Sylvia, come and make up the doubles."

The scene was a tennis party—in a vicarage garden—where H.E., then Harry, Carstairs, a gangling seventeen-

year-old, beat the gooseberry bushes for lost balls in company with the vicar's daughter.

She was young and beautiful and goddesslike; she subsequently married a curate. H. E. Carstairs never forgot her. He never forgot her name, nor, vaguely, that it referred to woods and meadows; and so now drew it up from his memory to christen the girl on the grass. Emotionally, it was about the rashest thing he could have done.

" Sylvia's pretty," said the girl.

She didn't say anything more, she just sat silent and contented beside him, admiring his driving, watching the first wooded hillsides rise up to meet the swift-moving car.

And Mr. Carstairs remembered a crossroads ahead and a village inn; turned off between hedges, and some ten minutes later halted.

The inn was so small that it offered only one bar: the public. Above, one spare bedroom (double) offered modest accommodation to bona fide travellers. On this occasion it was untenanted. The innkeeper's wife wasn't, she explained, a fussy woman, and cars did break down. Or sometimes they ran out of petrol . . .

Mr. Carstairs and the girl Sylvia ate their dinner in the ragged orchard. Barren branches, but decorative with small leaves, canopied their table; the sausage-like meat was nameless, but the lettuce crisp. In any case, the feast Mr. Carstairs sat down to was not of food, but of flattery.

Hitherto, it will be realised, he and the girl had enjoyed no sustained conversation at all. They hadn't conversed in the park, their luncheon date hadn't taken place, and the drive down has been reported almost in full. Now Mr. Carstairs was hungry.

" Tell me," he began, " why you looked at me like that, the first time, in the park."

The girl Sylvia's long eyes spoke for her before she answered. They glanced up, then

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# BRYLCREEM

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P.114.WW73g

## AIR RACE HOPES:



AUSTRALIAN-BUILT CANBERRA JET which will compete in the London-Christchurch air race next month. Australia has entered two locally made jets in the race. Each will carry a pilot, second pilot, and navigator. Their average age is 31, and all are seasoned long-range fliers.

## Wives of R.A.A.F. crews are "quite calm about it all"

The 12,000-mile London-Christchurch air race next month is expected to take only about 24 hours, but the R.A.A.F. men who will fly two Australian-built Canberra jet aircraft in the race have been training for months.

The Canberras will average about 500 miles an hour, with four stops on the way for refuelling.

By SUSAN BARRIE,  
staff reporter

ACE R.A.A.F. test-pilot Wing-Commander D. R. Cuming, A.F.C., trained the two plane crews at Laverton, near Melbourne. They are now in England preparing for the take-off on October 8.

The planes will be number four and number five in the race. Wing-Commander Cuming will captain the number four Canberra.

Stocky and balding, Wing-Commander Cuming, a 36-year-old bachelor, is publicity shy.

"It's impossible to predict how we'll go at this stage," he said. "We can't say much about our plans, because that would only help our competitors."

"We'll just do our best."

Toughest competition for the Canberras is expected from the Vickers Valiant four-engine jet entered by the R.A.F., which has also entered three British-built Canberras.

Competing against the jets in the speed section of the race will be a Mosquito, piloted by Squadron-Leader A. R. ("Titus") Oates, of Sydney, and a Mustang piloted by Flight-Lieutenant Whiteman, of Sydney.

The Australian Canberras will carry two pilots and a navigator.

"We're all very honored to be in the crews," said good-looking, 28-year-old Flying-Officer R. J. Atkinson, of Brisbane, who is "second dickie" to Wing-Commander Cuming in plane number four.

"Flying jets is the real thing. We have covered about 25,000

miles in our trial flights and we will be right up to pitch.

"Wing-Commander Cuming and I will take alternate legs of the race."

Flying-Officer Atkinson's wife, Wilma, is already planning the welcome home when he gets back to Brisbane.

Navigator in the crew of number four Canberra is 33-year-old Squadron-Leader C. G. Harvey, of St. Kilda, Vic-

toria, who was Wing-Commander Cuming's navigator in the first British Canberra flown out from England two years ago.

A war veteran, he joined the R.A.A.F. in 1939 and has made 130 trips with Cuming.

"Technical knowledge is vital in test flying, and Wing-Commander Cuming has it," he said.

"There's not a more techni-



CREW OF NUMBER FIVE Canberra jet (from left) Flight-Lieutenant W. D. Kerr, Squadron-Leader Peter Rowe, D.F.C., and Flight-Lieutenant F. N. Davis inspect a British-built Canberra at Laverton (Victoria) R.A.A.F. station.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 30, 1953



# Ace fliers man local jets



**CREW OF NUMBER FOUR JET.**  
Wing-Commander D. R. ("Jet")  
Cuming, A.F.C. (right), checks  
the log with Flying-Officer R. J.  
Atkinson (left) and Squadron-  
Leader C. G. Harvey.

ally competent man in the service."

Squadron-Leader Harvey's wife, Novar, drove him to Laverton to farewell him, with their two children, Christine, six, and Peter, two.

"My wife doesn't worry unduly," he said. "In fact, I think she's quite proud."

Flying at an altitude of between 30,000 and 40,000 feet, their oxygen masks make eating impossible, but they hope to arrange for a special tube which will allow them to take fruit juices from a can while they are in the air.

Otherwise their only food will be soup, coffee, or a quick snack when they stop for refuelling at Bahrain, Colombo, Cocos Island, and Guildford, W.A.

The altitude also means that the average temperature in the aircraft is around zero, so the crews will wear special electrically heated suits.

No stimulant or sedatives of any kind are allowed during the flight, but the crew members say that they never need them.

"There is not much nervous strain because the noise level and vibration are very low compared with other aircraft," explained Squadron-Leader Peter Raw, of Melbourne, first pilot of the number five Canberra.

"None of us felt fatigued after our 17-hour Christchurch flight, which we did via Darwin and Perth.

"Incidentally, the factory at Fishermen's Bend did a wonderful job and we're very proud of the aircraft."

The 30-year-old squadron-leader will pilot on alternate legs of the flight with Flight-Lieutenant F. N. Davis, of Ipswich, Queensland.

"We each do about the same amount of flying," said Squadron-Leader Raw, "but whoever is not flying at the time has his hands full doing fuel calculation.

"This is a job in itself, because we have to make the best use of the fuel, judging

whether to use it rapidly or conserve it."

Flying-Officer Davis has two children, Kim, three, and Barbara, two. His wife, Nina, expects their third child on October 8, the day of the race.

"But she is quite calm about it all," said Flying-Officer Davis, smiling.

Navigator in the crew of number five, Flight-Lieutenant W. D. Kerr, of Ripponlea, Victoria, is also a family man.

He claims "two of the best children in the world," David, six, and Rosemary, three. His wife, Josephine, also takes the air race calmly.

"In fact, she enjoys it. You know what women are," added Flight-Lieutenant Kerr with a grin.

Five other R.A.A.F. navigators will be key men in the race, although they will not leave the ground.

Each will be stationed at a refuelling stop along the route and will provide flight plans for each leg of the flight.

"We just need knowledge of meteorological conditions. We have to try to predict winds and advise on the best heights at which to fly," said Flying-Officer Frank Quinn, of Wollongong, N.S.W., who will be stationed at Woomera.

This will be an alternative refuelling spot, in case conditions at Guildford make landing there impossible.

The other ground navigators are Flying-Officer R. B. Deniston, of Queenscliff, Victoria, who will be stationed at Bahrain; Flight-Lieutenant Colin Campbell, of Perth, W.A., at Ratmalan, Colombo; Flying-Officer R. L. Thomas, of Coolgardie, W.A., at Guildford; and Pilot-Officer H. J. Hurley, at Cocos Island.

## Fast refuelling

AT Cocos the Canberras will be refuelled by two high-pressure portable hydrant refuelling units which have been specially flown to the island for the air race.

The units will refuel at more than twice the rate of any tanker in the world.

"We'll have to be quick, too," said Flying-Officer Quinn. "If we're not we'll

probably be selling papers in Sydney after this race."

Chief "back-room boy" is Mr. L. I. Cook, of Tea Gardens, N.S.W.

A 26-year-old engineering graduate from Sydney University, he spent three months at No. 1 Long Range Flight at Laverton working out graphs by which the navigators will estimate how far the fuel will carry their aircraft in prevailing winds.

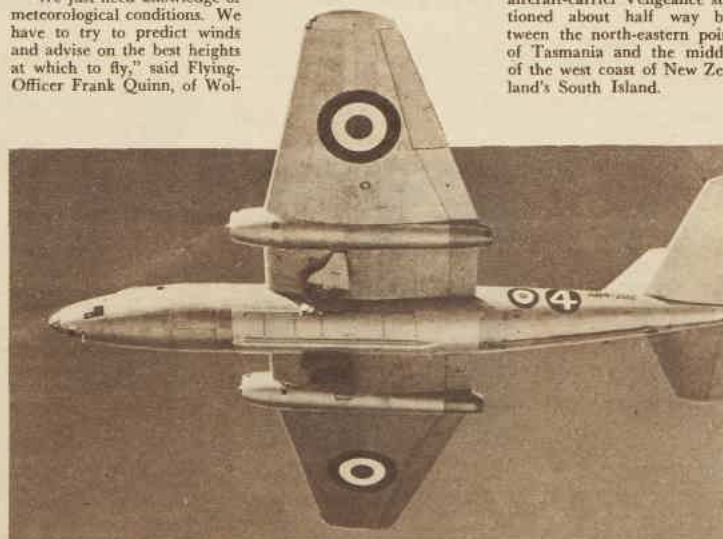
To enliven the graphs, Mr. Cook decorated them with sketches of aircraft, known to the crews as "Cook's cartoons."

He will be at Christchurch at the end of the race to debrief the crews and collect facts and figures on the flights for R.A.A.F. files.

Special safety precautions have been arranged by the R.A.A.F. and R.A.N.

Neptune anti-submarine planes equipped with powerful searchlights will patrol at various points along the route in case of mishaps.

The R.A.N. will have the aircraft-carrier Vengeance stationed about half way between the north-eastern point of Tasmania and the middle of the west coast of New Zealand's South Island.



**UNUSUAL PICTURE** of the Australian-built Canberra jet which will be number four in the air race, captained by Wing-Commander "Jet" Cuming. The other Australian Canberra jet will be number five in the race. The aircraft will fly at an average altitude of between 30,000 and 40,000 feet during the race.

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# For "Misters" and "Masters"

**Left:** New Speedo boxer style swim short.

**Right:** New Speedo boy's boxer short in denim with the denim-style patch pocket.

**Background:** Speedo lastex styles for men and boys—brief or half-skirt.

## NEW, TRULY MASCULINE STYLES BY THE TOP NAME IN BEACHWEAR

Man or boy, you never had such a wonderful choice of beachwear as this Speedo line-up of everything that's new. And whichever style you choose you can be sure it's going to look its best, feel its best...because the Speedo label is a guarantee. Look over this page for a preview of just some of the new Speedo styles. See them all at your favourite store...now!

**Speedo**



**Double check!** Sharp new Speedo combination. Boxer swim shorts with beachcoat to match. Fabric is a new rayon with window-pane checks from the famous Bruck Mills. Various colour combinations. Obtainable separately or as a set.



**First Release!** The First jacket—another new Speedo leisure line. Tailored with a masculine touch from "faded blue" denim, the casual fabric of the season. Striped neck insert adds a smart nautical touch. Full-range of senior and junior sizes. Also shown above: New Speedo denim casual slacks (shirred elastic waist or with belt loops).



**Short Story of the year!** New Speedo walk shorts with, believe it or not, a solid leather belt (not an extra but part of the shorts). Fine covert cloth or bedford cord in various shades, with zip-front, side, hip and belt pockets. Also shown—the Speedo "Fairway" jacket of covert cloth. Full length zip-front and the smart new combination patch and slash pockets.

### New tested fabrics—

Selected fabrics from the leading mills are the basis of the new Speedo beachwear. There's fine beageline, gabardine, denim, the famous Bruck Ranger fabric, nylon, bright or dull finish lastex—every one of them exhaustively tested by Speedo for quick drying and wearing qualities.

### New scientific waistband—

The new American style waistband on Speedo boxer shorts is a revelation in comfort. Narrow for neatness, it fits with a feather touch and holds its elasticity throughout the life of the shorts.

### Exclusive Speedo Beach Pack!

Your Speedo swim shorts come to you complete with this extra at no extra cost. A waterproof bag of the amazing PVC plastic. Complete with draw string, it makes a perfect protective bag for your towel and personal items.

Manufactured in Australia by Speedo Knitting Mills Pty. Ltd., Federation Rd., Newtown, N.S.W.



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in the dark or  
**EVEREADY**  
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## HOW TO READ YOUR HAND

# The destiny lines

By FRANCES KIENZLE

The Line of Saturn—the Fate line—doesn't appear in all hands. It starts at various places, usually from the lower part of the hand, and runs to the second finger, or finger of Saturn.

THE lower part of the line refers to your youth. If the Fate line is tied to the Life line at the beginning, you were restricted by lack of finances or by parents.

When the Fate line leaves the Life line and travels unrestricted it tells at what age you struck out for yourself.

The Fate line often rises in the centre of the hand or even higher up, but at whatever age it rises, the person's life then became more successful. The higher in the hand the line rises, the later in life will be your success.

When the Fate line is deep, well cut, and runs straight upward without breaks, it shows that the owner will never want for material things.

If you do not have a Fate line in your hand, it does not mean that you cannot or will not succeed. It simply means that you will have to work extra hard for what you want.

You will find Fate lines that rise on the side of the hand, or the Mount of Moon, about the middle of the Mount and proceed to the second finger.

This always indicates help through the opposite sex. It often means a wealthy marriage.

A thin line of Saturn shows that a person has the necessary attributes to succeed but has to try hard.

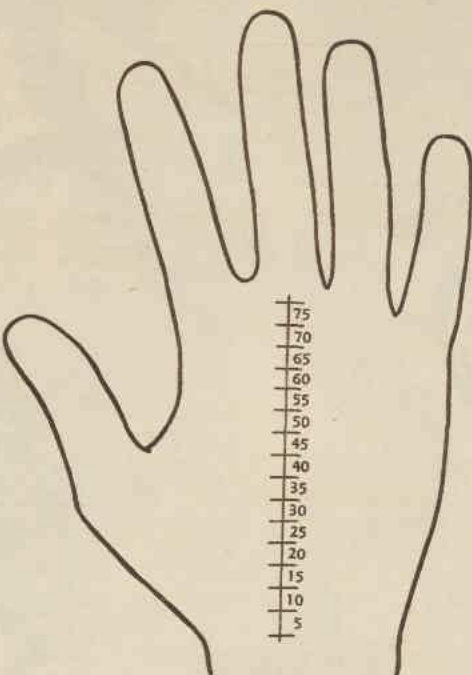
When the line of Saturn is broken, this shows reverses and retardment. An island shows financial difficulty that lasts for the period indicated by the length of the island.

## Line of Apollo

THE LINE OF APOLLO has its beginning at the base of the hand or on the Mount of Moon and runs upward towards the third finger, the finger of Apollo.

It does not always begin low on the hand or run to the Mount of Apollo, but can have various beginnings and endings.

More hands do not have this line than have it. Chance lines—particularly the many lines that appear in the hands of nervous, highly strung



people—are often mistaken for the line of Apollo.

Its true position is from the bottom of the hand upward directly towards the third finger.

If you have a strong line of Apollo you are very fortunate, as it indicates that you are highly gifted or talented and that you make friends easily.

If the line of Apollo rises on the Mount of Moon on the outside of the hand it shows you possess imagination and the power of language. With a good Head line, you could do well as a writer.

If your line of Apollo begins low on the hand and runs for a short distance only, you have talents but do nothing to develop them. If the line is absent from the lower part of the hand and rises higher, your special ability and talent will operate during the period the line appears in the hand.

The owner of a strong line of Apollo would possess creative skill in art, poetry, or music. A less developed line would indicate a love or appreciation of the arts, but not necessarily creative ability.

If your line of Apollo ends in a star formation (many criss-cross lines) you will be a brilliant success.

## Line of Mercury

THE LINE OF MERCURY is often called the line of Health.

Generally this line is in the hand of a nervous, highly strung person, but is absent from the hands of calm, serene people.

A hand without the Mercury line shows no serious health disturbances.

TRUE line of Saturn. This line can start anywhere, but runs to the second finger.

The line of Mercury runs towards the little finger, but has various beginnings.

It is considered favorable for it to rise on the Mount of Moon and proceed upward towards the Mount of Mercury. Probably more people have it rising from the line of Saturn than any other place.

A long, unbroken line of Mercury, running from the base of the hand to the Mount of Mercury, would indicate good health and success during one's whole life. Breaks along the line indicate illnesses or setbacks at the age the breaks occur.

Often a branch line will leave the line of Mercury and go towards another finger. If it goes towards Saturn, the second finger, the person is frugal, careful, and uses his mind wisely; therefore he is a good business person.

NEXT WEEK: The Marriage Line and the Girdle of Venus.



MERCURY line showing age. Many highly strung people have a line of Mercury.



The Countess of Darnley, beautiful wife of the ninth Earl.

## "It's my one essential cream"

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There is an exclusive formulation of skin-helping ingredients in Pond's famous Cold Cream. Together, these ingredients work on your skin as a team.

They cleanse your skin immaculately, and supply the oil and moisture skin needs regularly to look fresh, soft.

Get a large jar or convenient tube of Pond's Cold Cream today. Available everywhere. Use it nightly.

*The Countess of Darnley* The coronet worn by a countess.

Among the princesses of the Realm who witnessed the Coronation was the Countess of Darnley. How lovely she looked—the rich, glowing crimson of her robes showing to full advantage that glorious, creamy complexion! The Countess finds Pond's Cold Cream is absolutely essential for immaculate skin cleanliness, the basic requirement of a beautiful complexion. "Double-cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream is the most thorough cleansing I know—it gives me the most luxurious feeling," says the Countess of Darnley.

## For feminine hygiene

Women trust 'Dettol' because they have seen doctors and nurses use it. 'Dettol' is deadly to germs but gentle to human tissue. It does not pain or stain and is an effective deodorant.



**DETTOL**

The Modern Antiseptic

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL CHEMISTS

## HAS YOUR CHILD GOT WORMS?

Symptoms: itchy nose, lured tongue, loss of appetite, disagreeable breath, grinding teeth, irritability, bowel disorders, disturbed sleep. Destroy worms by taking—  
**COMSTOCK'S WORM TABLETS**

## THE TIBETAN TRUMPET

By Edith Macwhorter. Strange influences follow the removal of a Buddhist ceremonial trumpet from its home monastery to an English household.  
12/6 From all Booksellers.



# "Alice in Wonderland" as a ballet

**MAD HATTER'S PARTY.** "It wasn't very civil of you to sit down without being invited," says the March Hare to Alice, but the Mad Hatter offers tea, the Doormouse tries to keep awake, and the Cheshire Cat grins.



**LEFT:** The Fish Footmen call on the Ugly Duchess to deliver an invitation for the Duchess to play croquet with Her Majesty. Photographs by Alec Murray.

**"WILL YOU, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?"** A scene from the Lobster Quadrille, familiar to thousands of lovers of "Alice."



● "Alice in Wonderland," by Lewis Carroll, beloved of generations of children, is being presented as a ballet by Anton Dolin's Festival Ballet Company in London. A series of selected incidents, rather than a ballet, the performance had a warm and enthusiastic reception from the sophisticated first-night audience, although its appeal is addressed to children. Choreographer Michael Charnley overcame immense difficulties in arranging the ballets. Australian Kenneth Rowell designed the costumes after the familiar Tenniel illustrations.



"IT'S—IT'S A VERY FINE DAY!" said a timid voice beside her. Alice and the Rabbit meet at the Queen's croquet party. Belinda Wright is Alice and John Gilpin is the Rabbit.



ALICE, shrunk to three inches in height, comes upon a blue caterpillar sitting on a mushroom, quietly smoking a hookah. "Are you content now?" asks the Caterpillar. "Well, I should like to be a little larger, sir, if you wouldn't mind," says Alice. "Three inches is such a wretched height to be."



"THE QUEEN OF HEARTS, she made some tarts, all on a summer day, the Knave of Hearts, he stole those tarts, and took them quite away!" The trial scene at the court of the King of Hearts (above).

RIGHT: "You are old, Father William," the young man said, "And your hair has become very white: And yet you incessantly stand on your head—do you think, at your age, it is right?"





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... by using Trix, the miracle detergent, for all your household cleaning jobs.

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BUY TRIX IN THE BIG BOTTLE

COMPARED WITH "REGULAR" 16 OZ. SIZE

TRIX is at least twice as concentrated as the regular strength detergents in the same size bottles... therefore Trix goes twice as far!

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TRIX is concentrated—yet contains twice as much as a small (8 oz.) bottle of "concentrated" detergent at the same price!

**TRIX is thick**  
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## Worth Reporting

**FAMOUS** French milliner Gilbert Orcel tries his creations on himself and on every member of his staff to make sure that the proportions of each new shape are perfect.

For 15 years Gilbert Orcel and his wife, Helene, who manages the business side, have catered for the millinery needs of discriminating women all over the world from their "house" in Paris.

This month, as a tribute to their work, they will receive a fashion award from one of the biggest stores in the United States.

Of his habit of trying hats on himself, Gilbert says:

"It probably looks curious to an outsider, but when I have a hat on my head I see it as it is, stripped of the confusing line of hair styles or the effect of feminine make-up.

"It's just the hat—on a dummy's head, if you like—and it has to be perfect, because there's nothing to camouflage the line and the shape and the color."

For herself, Helene chooses one or two models from the collection and has them made up in three or four colors to go with her clothes for the season.

"But she never wears the same hat to a cocktail party or to dinner or the theatre," her husband said. "We're always late because the new hat I've made for her that same afternoon is never ready on time."

### What next, little red hen

A READER, Mrs. W. Tonkin, of Temora, N.S.W., has written to tell us about her clever hen.

"She comes running when we call 'Bill,'" writes Mrs. Tonkin. "When we hold our hands together she jumps through, and when I drop pieces of meat she catches them."

"If I hold wheat in my hand and pretend I don't see her, she pecks at my dress."

"Have you ever heard of a hen like that?" she asks.

Mrs. Tonkin's pet is a red hen of mixed breed, going on for three years old.

"You should see her to understand how clever she is," adds Mrs. Tonkin. "I did not tell you all the things she can do, as I thought you might think I was exaggerating."

### A guide to Sydney

ARRIVING at a party in Sydney the other night, we found the guest of honor, a city guide, surrounded by a crowd of men.

While we craned our neck to see, we could hear a low muttering from the crowd. This muttering gradually became distinguishable as numbers and the names of streets and suburbs.

Now and again a hush would fall and then someone would say "There it is," and the muttering would start again.

Then, squeezing to the front, we met the guide—a revolving map of Sydney and inner suburbs in a glass case.

A revolving index below the map lists more than 12,000 streets, and another at the side gives the names of business houses and their addresses. Beside each entry is a reference letter and number.

By twisting a knob the map can be turned until the required reference is found.

A Norwegian invention, the guide system was introduced to Australia by a Norwegian businessman, Mr. J. B. Meling.

We welcomed the guide and made a note to erase from our vocabulary the sentence, "Sorry, I'm a stranger here myself."

### "Jane" takes "Mae's" place

A JET fighter pilot in the R.A.A.F. now wears a "Jane Russell" instead of a "Mae West." "Mae" is out of date now, and, needless to say, "Jane's" shape is slightly different.

We found this out when we went along to an Air Force Week exhibition at the Royal Empire Society's rooms in Sydney.

"A 'Jane Russell' is more comfortable, too," said Flying-Officer R. J. Duffy, from Wiliamtown R.A.A.F. Station, who was showing us over the exhibition.

The modern fighter pilot doesn't have much comfort. To begin with, he wears a special suit designed to prevent black-outs.

Then there is a crash helmet, an oxygen mask with microphone attached, goggles, special "escape" boots—the tops of which can be cut off, leaving plain shoes—and, of course, a parachute and dinghy pack.

The total outfit weighs in the vicinity of 100lbs., exclusive of his uniform.

### Lithuanian art show

IN Sydney recently we went to the

exhibition of Lithuanian artists in Australia.

That's what the catalogue said, and we wondered what was coming next.

However, it was a perfectly straightforward showing of contemporary art, including paintings, drawings, sculpture, ceramics, and the linocuts and woodcuts which are a popular Lithuanian art form.

The organiser, painter Jurgis Bistrickas, told us that it took eight months to get the exhibition together, as the artists are from nearly all States.

"And we could not include large paintings and sculpture in the show because of the difficulty of getting them to Sydney," he said.

Many of the 17 men and women whose work was shown were well known in their own country. In Australia they are artists in their spare time.

### Woman strapper is keen on her job

FORMER second horsewoman in the Earl of Dalkeith's hunt stables, attractive, fair-haired Elsie Douglas is one of the few women strappers in Australia.

Since she arrived last year, Miss Douglas has been working in racing stables in Caulfield, Victoria.

Her varied career so far has included strapping in hunt stables in Berwickshire, racing stables in Kelso, and the season with the Dalkeith horses, which Miss Douglas said was the highlight of her life.

Before the war she did bookkeeping.

"Women strappers are not so unusual at home," she explained, "but girls have to be extraordinarily enthusiastic about horses and willing to work from seven in the morning till all hours, seven days a week, if they are thinking of taking it up."

Housekeeping will be her next vocation when she returns to Scotland early next year to marry Flying-Officer Colin Painter, of the R.A.F., who, she says, "is mad on horses, too."

### FOOTNOTE to the news:

Seen in a Sydney suburb, two billycartists whose youthful drivers had clearly chalked on the sides of their vehicles, "Redex Reliability Trial."



# Grafton's Spectacular Contemporary Prints



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*Grafton make glorious Traditional Prints, too!*



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 30, 1953

Swim in your frock  
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## Grafton

It won't shrink by  
the width of a thread!

\* So easy to wash, you can rinse this miracle fabric overnight with your stockings. It dries in a jiffy — only needs a butterfly touch with the iron! Sold by the yard and in ready-made frocks.

No more of those wage-wrecking dry-cleaning bills!

Page 19



# KRAFT announces big CHEESE RECIPE CONTEST!



## £1,450 in CASH PRIZES

### —for your best recipe using KRAFT CHEDDAR

Here's your chance to win really big money — £1,000 in cash! The contest is open to everyone who can cook. There are no special conditions except that your recipe must feature Kraft Cheddar. No entry fee is needed. Simply send in your recipe ideas for one or both of these two sections. Your grocer will give you

your simple entry form which sets out all the information you will need to win that £1,000! See him today — or ask him to include the free entry form in your grocery order. If your grocer has no entry forms, then simply write to "Kraft Recipe Contest", Box 1673N, P.O. Box, Melbourne, Vic., and a form will be sent

#### SECTION 1.

FIRST PRIZE



### £1,000 CASH!

£1,000 cash will be awarded for the best Main Course Dish featuring the use of Kraft Cheddar as the basic ingredient. This must be a suitable meal for a family of four. The recipe for this dish may introduce any other foods in combination with Kraft Cheddar. Entries in this section will be judged on the merit of such points as flavour, economy and nourishment. Every entrant has an equal opportunity of winning £1,000 for this best Kraft Cheddar Main Course Dish.

SECOND PRIZE

### £200 CASH!

A big second prize of £200 will be awarded in this section for a Main Course Dish featuring Kraft Cheddar. Plus 15 Consolation Prizes of £5 each! There will be a total of £75 in Consolation Prizes in this section. Fifteen Consolation Prizes of £5 for outstanding Main Course Dishes featuring the use of Kraft Cheddar.

#### SECTION 2.

FIRST PRIZE

### £150 CASH!

Best other use of Kraft Cheddar in any type of recipe (excluding Section 1). This section may include recipes for scones, cakes, tarts, straws, biscuits, desserts, soups, appetizers — or any other use you have found for Kraft Cheddar.

PLUS 5 Consolation Prizes of £5 each!

In this section there is a total of £25 to be awarded in Consolation Prizes.

Here is your panel of qualified judges . . .



Charmian Maynard,  
Home Economist at  
the "Australian  
Women's Weekly".



Anne Maxwell,  
Cookery  
Expert of  
"Woman".



Jean Bowring,  
Home  
Economist of  
"Woman's  
Day and  
Home".

Judging carried out with the co-operation of the Emily McPherson College of Domestic Economy and the Gas and Fuel Corporation of Victoria.

## HOW TO ENTER

This competition is open to everyone. Simply go to your grocer and get your entry form which sets out the simple rules — or ask your grocer to include the free entry form in your next order. Your recipe must be written on this form to be accepted. Remember, if your grocer hasn't a supply of entry forms, write direct to "Kraft Recipe Contest", Box 1673N, P.O. Box, Melbourne, Vic., and a form will be sent to you promptly. There is no entry fee and no special conditions. This great Kraft Cheddar Recipe Contest closes on 24th October, 1953. Winners will be announced in leading metropolitan and country newspapers in each State on Friday, 11th December, 1953, and in that week's issue of "Women's Weekly", "Woman" and "Woman's Day and Home".

FAMOUS U.S. COLUMNIST SAYS:

# Don't get us Yanks all wrong

• Mrs. Esther Van Wagoner Tufty, distinguished Washington journalist and television commentator whose reports on political life in the United States are printed in more than 300 American newspapers, wrote this article especially for us after concluding her recent five weeks' lecture tour of Australia. Mrs. Tufty made the tour on a grant from the U.S. State Department as the guest of the Australian-American Association.

By Esther Van Wagoner Tufty

ALL Americans don't hate lamb chops! That's only one of many misconceptions about the United States which I had the fun to discover as I travelled across this great country talking to everyone.

I love lamb chops. No person on earth, in the United States or elsewhere, could resist the quality of lamb obtainable here. Americans must like lamb chops twice as much as Australians, because we want them served twice as thick. And not burned up, please. That is no way to treat such a delicacy!

Lamb is the most expensive meat in the United States. So imagine my astonishment on an Australian picnic to watch my host grill dozens of lamb chops and as many steaks (our second-most expensive meat) with great casualness. Eaten with the fingers it was food of this world. I ate five!

Another misconception is that "American television is for morons."

That wasn't true even in the pioneering days. Certainly television is changing family life. For the better. Everyone stays home to watch television. The evening starts off with "Today's News Today," seen and heard as it happened. Then will come "something for the children."

A hard choice comes next, if the American lives in a big city where four TV channels are available. The four may include a symphony concert, a forum with prominent guests, a good drama, or a variety show of top performers.

Television, of course, can be a conversation-killer. The wise use of television is a matter of enough self-discipline to turn the TV set off when it interferes with, rather than adds to, family life.

Then there is the misconception as to the degree Americans boast about the glories of their own country.

Speaking at a public meeting, I was asked during the question period: "Why do Americans brag so much?"

My immediate response: "Because we have so much to brag about!"

I, too, have winced at some American tourists I have heard talk about "the way we do it in America" and about the tallest, biggest bridge or skyscraper in the world.

But many of my British friends do their bragging in reverse, with the understatement. I recall a certain morning after a terrific bombing in the London blitz the Briton next to me in the air-raid shelter said, "That was a bit of a hit, wasn't it?"

Money-mad people are seldom spiritual.

As a reporter I bothered to find out just how many Americans belong to some church. The percentage is high—about 70 per cent. Few countries can equal that.

True, we like our material comforts. We see no virtue in being warm only when we bank up an open fire. We may have to work a bit harder to afford central heating or air-conditioning in summer. So what? Work is fun, too, and gives us a warm feeling of achievement.

I have found it necessary more than once to underscore that the United States did not ask for, or desire, the leadership role in world affairs in which the turn of events has forced us.

It would be more luxurious to do nothing. Spend our heavy defence budget to keep just the United States safe from attack. Pay fewer taxes. Not lower our standard of living in order to lift that of others. Take our chances that we could survive.

Yet America, which covets no more land, people, or power, has not taken this very selfish and, I think, unrealistic view.

There is a related conception that we are not old enough or wise enough to lead the free world. Maybe not. Then we all sink.

To paraphrase Churchill, it is a grim fact that while the United States is not the only country strong enough morally in her democratic beliefs to fight for them, she is the only nation with the wealth, the natural resources, and productivity to take the leadership responsibility. The marvel is that the American people reluctantly accept that responsibility.

As to our youth, let's admit that the old remedies to ensure peace haven't worked very well. We need new ideas and the vigor of men not wedded to the old ways.

Isn't the answer for the young and old freedom-loving countries to work together with appreciation of the values contributed by each? After all, there is quite a bit at stake.

Just the survival of free men!



ESTHER VAN WAGONER TUFFY

That understatement forced me to say it was more than a bit of a hit, really, "hell falling from the sky," and how brave he had been.

We are not subtle. We do our own bragging.

The one misconception that "America is materialistic, money-loving, and incapable of moral leadership" really worries me, because it retards the coming of full understanding between two already friendly nations.

A man who worships at the feet of the almighty dollar is usually a miser. But the U.S.A. is generous. I have been told again and again in Australia.

We are even developing a complex about our reputation for generosity. No one loves "the rich uncle," who, incidentally, finds it as blushing difficult to give as the needy people to receive.





MR. AND MRS. NORMAN MACE



WAYNE MURRAY

## What the future holds for this little boy

By AINSLIE BAKER,  
staff reporter

What sort of woman is Mrs. Gloria Mace, who was awarded the custody of 10-months-old Wayne Murray in preference to his natural mother, Miss Joan Murray? That is the question women all over Australia are asking following the Equity Court judgment of Mr. Justice McLelland, who was asked to decide on an application by Mr. and Mrs. Mace for legal adoption of the baby without Miss Murray's consent.

IRRESPECTIVE of where your sympathies lie in this heart-rending case, it is pleasing to know that, whether you feel he has gone to the right mother or not, he has gone to a good one.

Mrs. Mace, delighted almost beyond words at the judge's decision, is determined to give the child every opportunity in life of which she is capable.

In court, Miss Murray presented a pathetic figure. The hollows in the cheeks of her little pink-and-white face were filled with shadow, her hands in their pink nylon gloves clenched and unclenched ceaselessly and uncontrollably.

The legal fight for the baby, called Wayne by his mother, started in January.

Since they were given the baby 12 days after birth, the Maces have always called him Peter.

Miss Murray, a 22-year-old bus conductress, had withdrawn her consent to adoption before the Maces could complete the necessary formalities.

Mr. Justice McLelland made his decision (a grave one for any human being, and unique in Australian law) after a period of reserved judgment lasting two days short of a month.

Himself the father of a schoolboy son, the judge looked a very serious man as he came into the courtroom to deliver his judgment.

He made it clear that in reaching his decision he was influenced solely by consideration as to the future welfare of the child.

So that rather than the question being "What sort of a woman is Mrs. Mace?" it becomes "What sort of life will she and her husband be able to give the boy?"

Three things are certain: He will have an outdoor life, he will always have animals to play with, and he will be one of the younger generation of a large and happy family.

He will almost certainly also learn to fly a kite, collect birds' eggs, tadpoles, and cicadas, and become proficient at bean-picking, hoeing, and carpentry.

In short, if people will forget the bitter legal battle about his adoption Peter seems to have the chance of becoming a happy, healthy, and normal boy.

### Famous ancestor

MRS. Mace is the eldest of a family of four girls.

She is descended from Peter Lalor, of Eureka Stockade fame.

Her married sister, Mrs. J. Clarke, lives at Hurstville, N.S.W.

Her unmarried sisters, Fay and Joy, live at home at Lakemba, N.S.W., with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Lalor.

Mrs. Mace has already had plenty of "mothering" experience, helping to rear the three younger children.

"I can't remember the time when I wasn't picking up someone younger than myself who had fallen down, helping someone with her food, or seeing that someone washed her face," she said.

Norman Mace, who is called Bill in the family, is one of

three children. A soft-spoken, sun-tanned man of 33, with mild blue eyes, he runs a small one-man market garden at Erina, four miles from Gosford, N.S.W.

"We have goats, ducks, fowls, and a cat," Mrs. Mace said. "There's no chance of our taking Peter to the city. He'll be a country boy and will grow up big and strong."

And what future does Mr. Mace hope for his adopted son?

"I want him to be a decent bloke, that's about all," he said.

One of the things Mr. Mace is looking forward to is taking Peter fishing. "I'll have him baiting a hook with the best of them," he said.

"And he'll know how to handle a boat, too."

Boats and their romantic destinations had an overpowering fascination for Mr. Mace as a small boy. He used to haunt Sydney harbor boat-sheds, happy to hear the male talk and hopping to it smartly when thrown some small job.

As soon as he left school he went to sea for five years, discovering for himself the mysterious destinations of the proud boats.

Peter is sung to sleep by a sea chanty as often as by a lullaby. Mr. Mace also frequently falls back on a good, rousing sea chanty to get him through the rigors of the washing-up.

"Having travelled about the world has given me something interesting to tell Peter about when he asks for stories," Mr. Mace said. "I'll take on helping him with his geography, too."

Peter's grandmother, Mrs. Lalor, is going to play an im-

portant part in Peter's life. An energetic, bustling little woman who has lived in the same house for 30 years, she is just the granny to bring out the best in a small boy.

At Christmas there will be her excellent pudding, made by the recipe she has used all her 31 years of married life, and boiled in the copper along with one for each of her daughters.

"Nobody in our family even tries to make a Christmas pudding," Joy and Fay explained in unison. "Mum's too good for us."

Mrs. Mace is determined that for Peter there will stretch ahead a whole childhood of exactly the same sort of breathless, surprise-filled Christmas mornings that she knew in her parents' house.

"He's got an entire regiment of aunts, uncles, and little cousins," she said.

"I've got something to live up to," she added. "Looking back, I can't remember there ever having been a cross word between Dad and Mum and myself."

Mrs. Lalor is one of a family of seven. Mr. Lalor, who works for the Canterbury Council, is a member of a family of 12.

Nearest in age to Peter is 10-months-old Patricia, the youngest of the three children of Mr. Mace's sister, Mrs. Iris Ebzery.

There will be holidays for Peter at his aunt Iris' place at Mount Druitt, 27 miles from Sydney, and with his other young cousins.

Mr. Mace hopes that one day Peter will work with him on a farm.

"It'll take a bit of thinking about," he said. "It may be the right thing to have him learn a trade."

Another thing that the young Maces are very well aware must be thought about is whether they will change their name and address.

They told the judge they would be willing to do this if it would be to the benefit of the baby.

Beauclaire  
BUTTONS MAKE  
THIS COCKTAIL  
SHEATH-DRESS!

Copied from Dior's new 'short look', you could probably alter one of your present dresses into this glamorous cocktail frock. It looks terrific with a gold mesh stole to match the twin rows of gold buttons!

'ALL SQUARE' a dressy sophisticated button that is exclusive to Beauclaire. Buy it in gold, silver or any of the clear vibrant summer colours.

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Feel better and brighter to-morrow by ridding yourself TO-NIGHT of constipation. Be regular—and keep regular—naturally with NYAL Figsen, the gentle-acting, pleasant-tasting laxative.

The active ingredient of Figsen is a laxative agent which medical experience has found to be mild, gentle and effective. Figsen won't upset even sensitive stomachs. It acts gently, without pain or griping, to bring prompt, comfortable relief from constipation.

Figsen comes in convenient tablet form—makes it easy to take anywhere, anytime. Pleasant-tasting. Two strengths—Regular, equally suitable for adults and children; Double Strength for those adults who find that they need a more positive laxative action

2/3

DOUBLE STRENGTH 3/6

## NYAL FIGSEN



### NYAL MILK OF MAGNESIA

A teaspoonful of dependable NYAL Milk of Magnesia after each feeding prevents "wind" pains and acidity in infants. Its gentle laxative action ensures regular habits. The name "NYAL" is your guarantee that the Milk of Magnesia you buy is the finest quality obtainable. NYAL Milk of Magnesia is smooth, even and pleasant to take. Sweetened and Regular. Two sizes—6 oz., 2/6; 12 oz., 4/3.



### NYAL BRONCHITIS MIXTURE

NYAL Bronchitis Mixture is a proven, effective, dependable medicine which acts three ways in "breaking" stubborn coughs. The medication penetrates into congested bronchial tubes—cuts phlegm, making breathing easier... soothes inflamed membranes of the throat and chest... brings soothing relief from irritating coughing. Two sizes—3/9; 6/3.



### NYAL VITAMIN & MINERAL TONIC

If you feel run down or nervy, the chances are you need a good tonic. NYAL Vitamin & Mineral Tonic is a palatable general tonic valuable for all nervous and anæmic conditions. It is a balanced formula of B Complex Vitamins and essential minerals. Builds strength, improves appetite. 8 ozs., 6/3; 16 oz., 11/6.



### NYAL DECONGESTANT EYE DROPS

Contain a remarkable new decongestant known as Phenylephrine. NYAL Decongestant Eye Drops are soothing to sore, inflamed or aching eyes, and rapidly clear bloodshot eyes. Relieve burning, itching and smarting of conjunctivitis and granulated lids. The drops spread evenly, will not blink out of the eyes. Packed in special handy dropper, 4/9.



### NYAL ANTACID POWDER

An effective treatment which brings quick relief from the pain and discomfort of indigestion, acid stomach, flatulence and heartburn. NYAL Antacid Powder contains seven active ingredients which are designed to help digest starchy foods, to neutralise acids and to afford soothing protection to irritated mucous membranes of the stomach. 3/6.



### NYAL BABY POWDER

Here's a beautifully fine powder, designed to bring soothing, cooling comfort for baby's super-sensitive skin. NYAL Baby Powder contains an ingredient which actually resists moisture and thereby lessens the chance of wet nappies chafing baby's tender skin. Delicately perfumed. Two sizes—Regular, Economy.



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After the weakening effects of coughs and flu, you need a good tonic to rebuild strength and energy. NYAL Creophos is a reliable restorative tonic, containing nine body-building ingredients. Apart from its tonic properties, NYAL Creophos helps to clear up stubborn coughs that so often follow flu. Three sizes—3/9; 6/3; 7/6.



The formula of every NYAL Medicine is plainly printed on the package. That's one reason why your chemist can recommend any NYAL medicine with complete confidence. He knows what each one contains and what it is intended to do. Whenever there's need for a medicine in your home, play safe—ask your chemist which NYAL medicine he would recommend.

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NYAL Baby Soap

NYAL Cold Sore Lotion 2/3  
NYAL Corn Remover 2/3  
NYAL Decongestant Baby Cough Elixir 3/6  
NYAL Esterin 3/6  
NYAL Decongestant Nasal Drops 4/-

NYAL Aspirin-Codine Tablets 2/-, 3/3  
NYAL Baby Cough Syrup 2/9, 3/9  
NYAL Calamine-Lanolin Cream 2/3  
NYAL Children's Cough Mixture 2/9, 3/9  
NYAL Cold Sore Cream 2/3



# Celebration for fighting matelots



UP ON THE BRIDGE for their first look at Sydney, Capitaine de corvette Raymond Sauzay points out the new skyline to Enseigne de vaisseau Jean Matheron.

● Showing the French flag in Australian waters after six years of fighting the Communists in Indo-China is the sloop *Commandant Amyot d'Inville*. With her complement of 93 officers and men she spent five days in Sydney on her way to take part in the Noumea centenary celebrations, which will be held late this month. The crew, all volunteers, have been taking part in raids along the Indo-China coast against Viet-Minh forces.



FRESH BREAD is baked daily in the ship's galley by Marcel Quinion and Yves Le Cam, who take pride in their skill at producing the traditional light long French loaves.



SING SONG on deck to the accompaniment of a piano-accordion. The matelots are enjoying their Pacific cruise as a peaceful change from their patrol work and sorties.



QUICK REPAIR JOB for the electric engine was no trouble to mechanics Henri Sanchez and Andre Ginouves. They enjoyed learning to dance the Paul Jones at Port Moresby.



CLEANING ONE OF THE GUNS in preparation for dressing the ship for the Noumean celebrations are Gunners Marcel Klintz and Jean Paul Bernard.

## Wisdom's terrific - says "South Pacific" after conclusive toothbrush test!

Leading lady Mary La Roche and other members of the "South Pacific" cast, tried three Wisdom toothbrushes each - a Flexi-brush, a nylon bristle Wisdom, a pure bristle Wisdom. (All Wisdoms have safe "round ended" bristles.) Read what Mary and the cast had to say about their Wisdoms:



"There is nothing like a Wisdom" declare the boys. Rub as briskly as you like, Wisdom's round-ended bristles tone up tissues, can't harm gums.



*Mary La Roche*

"I'm in love with a wonderful toothbrush", says Mary and the girls' chorus. "Beautiful gem-cut handles, crystal plastic pack and it's the only brand that really safeguards your smile. And a beautiful smile is never more important than when you're on stage. So try the toothbrush test yourself - you'll be a Wisdom fan too."

### Wisdom

Toothbrushes by Addis

with round-ended Bristles  
(in the Crystal plastic pack)

Nylon Bristle 2/- Flexi-Brush, 2/4 Pure Bristle, 2/6



# FASHIONED FOR SPRING!

Lustre introduce a new high-fashion look in lingerie. Distinctive designs, exciting details and such superb finish highlight Springtime's loveliest lingerie collection. Choose fashions for day and night in your favourite White, Peach or Blue Mist. Lustre loveliness is so inexpensive, when you consider how it lasts and lasts.



Ask for Set 36

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Ask for Set 36

*trim, slim, and pretty*

Ask for Set 36

FOR NEW DELIGHTS IN SPRING LINGERIE

ASK FOR

*Lustre*

YOUTH SERIES by Kay Melaun

## Those only children

If you're an only child whose parents don't fuss over you; if you're overwhelmed by a pack of brothers and sisters, be grateful.

Certainly, don't envy the petted Only Child. He's the one who has troubles.

**H**IS Mother's cherished son. She's Daddy's darling little girl.

Not for them the occasional cuff over the ear you were familiar with up till a few years ago. Not for them the impatient bark: "Quiet, you kids. Go off and play somewhere else." Not for them the apologetic: "If I give one to you I'll have to give one the same to Matthew and Mark, too, and I just can't afford that."

In your family it seemed that on one side were you and your brothers and sisters, and on the other, kind, good, devoted—but a little remote—your parents.

But with John and Jenny it's different. Jenny's father gets a real kick out of escorting her somewhere. He even acts as if it's a privilege to go nine miles out of his way to drive her somewhere.

John's mother, who looks really something when she's dressed up, seems to get more fun out of going to the movies with him than out of going to glamorous places with her own friends. And John, of course, can have the car almost any time he wants it.

Most of the time your mother's either shooing you off with your own friends or grumbling because you go out so much.

As for Dad. If you're on time and it suits him he'll give you a lift in the car. If not, that's just too bad. He can't spend all day waiting for teenagers to fix their make-up. ("Shouldn't smear so much stuff on your face, anyway," he bellows from time to time).

So why is it that only children invariably cheep from their cosy nest of parental devotion that when they marry they'll have at least two children.

"It's not fair," they cry, "being an only child."

Lack of playmates as children isn't the only thing they mean.

What they're thinking of is the parental devotion.

Anyone who loves you puts a responsibility on you, and devotion is one of the weightiest responsibilities in the world.

How can an Only Child ever hope to repay it or justify it?

This particular Only Child has been given every reason to believe that life is going to be handed to him on a plate. He has never had any early les-

- Some of them can't grow up.
- They're encouraged to be selfish.

and tennis player. She's had the time, you see, to discover and develop these compensatory skills.

But the Only Child—conscious of being the only egg in his parents' emotional basket—tends to magnify his every small failure.

In the course of things, children grow up, mate, and marry and start families of their own. The parents of several children tend to help them into marriage by an adult extension of the "Run-off-and-play-with-your-own-friends" attitude.

I don't mean that their parents are glad to get rid of them. They're just glad that Joe or Jennima has found a girl or boy and that they're getting on with the business of working out their own lives.

The parents mightn't like the girl or boy. They end by sighing: "Well, after all, it's Joe's life, not ours."

But who could ever be good enough in a doting parent's eye for an only child?

Do you think that when John's mother tries to hide her disapproval of John's girl-friend, John doesn't know? Of course he does.

As a result, he'll either come to share his mother's opinion or he'll hold to his original opinion, miserable, meantime, that the two people he cares most about in the world "don't get on."

Do you imagine that Jenny, without a pang, can marry a boy her father doesn't like and make her home 10,000 miles away? She has pangs by the dozen, and a good deal of heart and home sickness besides.

All Only Children are not handicapped, of course. Some have the most objective parents in the world. But it's certain that the Only Child you envy so much is the one you should feel rather sorry for.



"Her father seems to have reconciled himself to the wedding nicely, doesn't he?"

sons in sharing or losing or fighting—and is therefore a bad adult emotional risk.

But, quite apart from this obvious fact, his parents expect so much of him.

Consciously or not, he's always striving to justify being given so much love and attention, or being miserable because he's failing to justify it.

The law of compensations works overtime in regard to big families versus Only Children.

Just as the love and attention are diffused in a big family, so are the disappointments.

Joe needn't feel like throwing himself under a train because he flopped in his exams.

Jane needn't break her heart because her looks aren't a patch on Mother's. Jane is a whizz of a swimmer, skater,

WAY back in the days when

Guy Lombardo formed his first band he "signed up" another kid in short pants as pianist. Guy must be quite a boss to work for, because Fred Kreitzer is still playing piano in Lombardo's latest release, "Tin Pan Alley Rag," on DO70046. The flipside, "Just Another Polka," has reached hit billing overseas. Together they make a most enjoyable dance bracket.

"APRIL IN PARIS," the title song from Doris Day's new movie, is a wisp little number played tenderly by Percy Faith's Orchestra (DO3593). Doris certainly sounds very romantic, almost

### DISC DIGEST

as if she were melting, but I do wish she wouldn't pronounce blossom as "blarsum." For a coupling the thrush chooses a rustic ditty called "The Cherries." One is Hollywoodian Paris and the other is phony folksong, but Doris makes 'em sound credible.

POOR Vera Lynn! She's still imprisoned in her echo chamber with Her Majesty's Armed Forces. If she's one of your favorites, you'll want to hear Y6487, on which she sings "Windsor Waltz," a popular Coronation number in England, and "The

Lambeth Waltz." Neither rivets me to the loud-speaker, but that won't upset Vera. Her "Auf Wiederseh'n" sales are rapidly approaching the hundred thousand mark, an all-time Australian record. Not the least of her assets are clear-cut diction and boundless vitality.

FROM Victor Silvester is another Coronation waltz on DO3588, "In a Golden Coach," a British hit-parader and a likeable tune well played in the Silvester manner. Dance fans should be keen on this disc, especially since it couples that engaging quickstep "Wishing Ring."

BERNARD FLETCHER.



# £1,000,000 Jewel Exhibition

**I**LLUSTRATED on this page is some of the jewellery from the £1,000,000 collection which will be exhibited by the Victorian branch of the Federal Retail Jewellers' Association of the Commonwealth in the Lower Town Hall, Melbourne, from October 5 to October 10.

Many pieces are being imported especially for the exhibition, in addition to the jewellery lent by local owners.

One of the costliest items is a chalice valued at more than £12,000.

Another piece is an 18ct. gold snuff box studded with diamonds and precious gems which formerly belonged to King George V. Its present value is £2500.

Replicas of the world's biggest and most famous diamonds will include one of the Cullinan.

The exhibition will be specially guarded, day and night, by squads of uniformed and plain-clothes police.

£5625 is the total cost of the beautiful clip-brooch, rings, bracelet-watch, and ear-clips modelled at right.



£3400 set consists of this diamond tiara, diamond clip ear-rings, and cultured pearl choker with diamond clasp. Stage star Evie Hayes will open the exhibition.



£3900 is represented by these diamond flower-spray ear-clips and cultured pearl necklet with two diamond ornaments, which could do double duty as dress-clips.



£2900 is the estimated value of this diamond flower-design hair-clip and intricately set diamond choker necklet. The exhibition is timed to coincide with Jewel Week.



£2000 pendant features a magnificent solid black opal of exceptional size and coloring set around with 127 diamonds. Black opals are in great demand overseas.

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More women own a  
**HOOVER**  
**WASHING MACHINE**  
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the family purse  
and does all the  
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Most washing machines have a metal paddle to force the clothes back and forth through the water. But the Hoover washes by means of an exclusive patented Pulsator, situated in the side of the tub. It never comes in contact with the clothes, but sends the water surging through them, with a dirt-loosening action exactly like boiling. All the space in the tub is for clothes!

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**GLOVE-SOFT FLATS**

(the springiest shoes you've ever worn!)

Spring's gay new Carmelletes cushion your feet in deep, deep sponge rubber, have softer backs than you've ever known! "Cush-on-lite" construction lets them bend this way and that, yet holds the shape right through the season! Buy them right up to size 12 in fittings AAAA to C. Yippee! You can afford 2 pairs at Carmellete prices!



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Street, Adelaide • King House,  
Queen Street, Brisbane.

## TRY THIS NEW-SEASON LIPSTICK

To readers who like a pretty, all-occasion lipstick shade, The Australian Women's Weekly is making a special offer of a lovely new lipstick for spring and summer.

It is Riding Hood Red, the newest addition to Max Factor's range of colorful lipsticks, and it comes in an attractive, introductory-size container costing only 1/- including packaging and postage.

On this page you can see an actual size picture of the sample. It brings you a generous amount of lipstick—enough to keep your lips in a brilliant glow of color from one to two weeks—depending on how often you use it.

We selected Riding Hood Red for this special offer because it is a fresh, bright color that is attractive for everybody to wear in the bright light of spring and summer.

Red is also big color news in current fashion.

When you have finished using this special trial-size lipstick, which is exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly, you can buy Riding Hood Red in regular Max Factor sizes at chemists and stores, price 8/11 (large) and 5/11 (medium).

In toning, Riding Hood Red lipstick is a true, vibrant red, that always wearable and flattering shade, imparting a freshness to mature faces as well as to youthful features.

In the daytime it is flattering to nearly every woman from the conventional wearer who wants a soft, not-too-noticeable lipstick to the enterprising youngster who chooses to dress up her face.

At night the plus value of Riding Hood Red lipstick depends on how you apply it.

Lipstick must be vivid to keep its sparkle under artificial light. Riding Hood Red is specially compounded to take artificial light in its glowing stride.



RIDING HOOD RED lipstick, which adds new freshness to the complexion, is designed to complement spring and summer fashions.

But perhaps the greatest boon to women of cosmetic taste is that true red lipstick "goes" well with practically every dress color.

Our contribution to beauty is frankly designed to set off the season's gay and brilliant fashions.

Nothing could look smarter than Riding Hood Red lipstick worn with white, pink, or champagne fabrics.

It adds verve and dash to neutral shades, provides the sharp accent required with black, beige, and grey, lifts florals to perfection.

Firm in texture, yet smooth enough to slip easily and evenly over the lips, Riding Hood Red lipstick makes it easy to give yourself a pretty mouth.

Its semi-lanoline base affords protection against dryness and lip chapping, and it does not smear.

The stay-put qualities of this new lipstick make it less liable to coat off on everything it touches.

Remember that lipstick must be applied carefully in order to get perfect results. Clean-cut edges, corners that are filled in, and no color dividing line when the lips part are the essentials of a well-rounded mouth. Let make-up foundation

overlap the lips before applying Riding Hood Red lipstick. Draw the desired outline. To make lips thinner, draw outline just inside lip edges. To make them full, carry color over the edges.

To make lipstick indelible, rub the lips with a fingertip after applying the lipstick. Then apply more lipstick and blot with tissue. Don't bite on tissues; press firmly to lips and peel off. For lustrous look, do not blot.



HERE is the sample of Riding Hood Red lipstick photographed in exact size.

### HOW TO GET YOUR LIPSTICK

To obtain one of these trial-size lipsticks, fill in your name and address in clear block letters on the coupon below, cut it out, and mail it to Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney, enclosing a postal note or stamps to the value of 1/-.

NAME		The Australian Women's Weekly lipstick offer	
ADDRESS		Please send me trial-size Riding Hood Red lipstick. I enclose 1/- in payment.	
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# Family Size



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#### **BABY IN THE HOUSE?**

Then trust Lux to care for all his woolies. Strong soaps and harsh washing methods shrink and harden delicate handknits. But mild, creamy Lux suds keep them snug and warm longer than you ever dared hope.

#### **SAFE LUX CARE MEANS TWICE THE WEAR!**

Pamper your cobwebby nylons and dainty undies with a daily dip in Lux to whisk out perspiration and they'll lead a longer, lovelier life. Mild, creamy Lux keeps colours bright far longer.



#### **JUST ONE PENNY DOES SO MANY!**

Doing dishes the hard way? With old-time bar soaps? Time you switched to Lux. Those feathery piles of creamy Lux suds do the biggest family wash-up in no time—all for as little as a penny a day. And Lux keeps busy hands soft and pretty too.

***So Safe!  
So Speedy!  
So Thrifty!***



# He won a trophy and a pretty girl

## U.S. tennis title introduced Trabert to his fiancée

The engagement of America's new tennis champion Tony Trabert to Utah beauty Shauna Wood follows a three months' courtship during which they saw each other only four times.

SHAUNA, a tall, hazel-eyed brunette, and the big, red-haired Davis Cup player plan to be married in Salt Lake City, Utah, U.S. next month, so that Shauna can travel with the American team on its Australian tour.

Shauna and Trabert met for the first time in June of this year at the National Hard-court Championships, which were held at Salt Lake City. Trabert won the tournament while he was on leave of absence from the U.S. Navy, which released him shortly afterwards.

After his victory, the publicity officer of the tennis club, Miss Martha Castles, was asked to pose Tony with a pretty girl for a Navy photograph. Miss Castles thought of her friend Shauna, who had just won the title of "Miss Utah" in a preliminary round of the "Miss Universe" Beauty Contest.

Miss Castles phoned Shauna and arranged for her to rush out to the tennis club for the photograph.

"We posed together and seemed to like each other right away," Shauna said. "That

night Tony asked me for a date. The next day he went to Vancouver, Canada, to play in the Davis Cup matches against Japan."

While Trabert was playing in Vancouver, Shauna went to Long Beach, California, for the finals of the "Miss Universe" contest in July. She finished in fifth place among American girls.

"Tony came down to Long Beach from Vancouver and we spent a few days together," Shauna said. "That was the last time I saw him until the National Championships at the end of August in Forest Hills. In the meantime, of course, we wrote to each other and had lots of talks on the telephone."

The day I arrived at Forest Hills (August 29), Tony put a diamond engagement ring on my hand."

At first they had planned to be married in January, after Tony returned from playing in the Challenge Round in Melbourne, Shauna told me.

When Trabert found that tennis officials wanted him to remain in Australia for the National Championships in

January, he flatly refused. This threatened to cause trouble between the American and Australian Lawn Tennis Associations, because of an agreement between them that Davis Cup players of both countries must play in each country's National Championships.

"There are some things more important than tennis," Trabert told officials, "and my marriage is one of them."

When Tony won the National Championship at Forest Hills, he and Shauna changed their wedding plans and moved the date forward to October. This decision was greeted with relief by U.S. Lawn Tennis Association officials. They

agreed to allow Tony to take Shauna to Australia, so that he could stay in Australia for the National Championships, which are played a fortnight after the Davis Cup Challenge Round.

The precedent for permitting a player to take his wife on overseas Davis Cup tours was established last year, when Victor Seixas took his wife, Dolly Anny, on the Australian tour.

Shauna graduated last June from the University of Utah,



TENNIS STAR Tony Trabert and his fiancée, Shauna Wood, who are to marry next month. Shauna, who is a beauty contest winner, will accompany Tony when he comes to Australia at the end of the year to represent the U.S. in the Davis Cup matches.

where she studied Physical Education. She is a fine athlete, although she didn't have much interest in tennis until she met Trabert.

She is an accomplished water ballet performer, a fine swimmer, and a skilled ice skater.

She is very interested in clothes, particularly in sports clothes.

Well-known tennis players, such as Billy Talbert, will be ushers at their wedding, Shauna said. Tony's brother,

Mark, will be his best man.

Shauna comes of an old Mormon family which settled in Utah, headquarters of the sect, in the days of Brigham Young, who succeeded Joseph Smith, founder and first head of the Mormon Church.

"Tony is interested in our religion, and I have given him several books and pamphlets on Mormonism," she said.

Shauna lives with her parents and her 13-year-old

brother in a Salt Lake City suburb. Her father, B. L. Wood, is a car dealer and an ardent golfer.

"My family thinks as much of Tony as I do," she said.

Shauna is thrilled by the prospect of a long visit to Australia. "It should be the most wonderful kind of honeymoon," she said. "I am mad about the Aussie players I have met through Tony, and I know I am going to love the people down there."

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**ATTRACTIVE TRIO.** Consuelo Zalapa (left), Paz Domeyko, and Consuelo's sister Theresa at the cocktail party given at Glen Ascham by the Charge d'Affaires for Chile, Mr. Juan Domeyko, to celebrate Chile's independence day.



**BETWEEN DANCES.** Dr. and Mrs. Rollin Coombes at the Sydney Hospital Ball, held at Sherbrooke, Double Bay. Mrs. Coombes wore guipure-trimmed navy nylon organza.

## SOCIAL JOTTINGS

**P**RESIDENT of the Newcastle Bachelors' Ball last year, Warwick Johnson, and his bride, formerly Veda North, will return from their honeymoon at the Barrier Reef in time to be guests at this year's ball. It will be held at the Newcastle Town Hall on Friday, October 9.

Tony Wansey, John Macanish, and Dr. John Copland are among the forty-five bachelor hosts who will give pre-ball parties. Guests, who will come from all over New South Wales, include Frankie Bellamy and her fiancé, John Stacy, Georgina Wardell, Joyce Osmond, Anne Hamilton, Tom Hodgson, and John Crothers.

**MRS. MAYNARD JEN-**  
**OUR,** who arrived in Sydney last week from England for the wedding of her daughter, Dinah Fielding Jones, and Allan Campbell on September 30, will stay in Australia for seven weeks before flying home via Singapore. Mrs. Jenour lives at Wentloog Castle, Castleton, near Cardiff, in Monmouthshire. Her youngest daughter, Moana Fielding Jones, will arrive in Sydney by air on Saturday, September 26. She travelled out from England in the Oronsay, but is flying from Perth to be in time for the wedding, when she will be one of Dinah's bridesmaids.

**FROCKS** to be worn by Rosalind Evatt and her four attendants will be kept a secret until Rosalind walks down the aisle of St. John's, Canberra, for her wedding to Peter Carrodus on November 28. Daughter of the Leader of the Opposition, Dr. H. V. Evatt, and Mrs. Evatt, Rosalind will be attended by Helene Moir, Diana Browne, Mrs. Ken Bennett, and Mrs. Stuart Gordon. Reception will be at the Hotel Canberra.

**FASHION** highlights . . . that wonderful tortoiseshell handbag brought home from America by Hazel Dunstan . . . and Ricky Doherty's vivid, lipstick-red straw hat, which has a wide brim dipping steeply to one side.



**RIDE-A-COCK-HORSE.** Miss Elizabeth Northcott watches Robyn Stewart ride a rocking horse, given a helpful push by Michael O'Brien. Miss Northcott was present at the annual meeting of the Sydney Day Nursery and Nursery Schools' Association at the Woolloomooloo Nursery School.



**RIVERVIEW BALL.** John Hendricks (left), Therese Stormon, and John Playoust at the Riverview Ex-students' Ball, which was held at the Trocadero.



**SIGNING THE REGISTER.** Ian Cameron and his bride, formerly Elizabeth York, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. York, of Vaucluse, at St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street.

**HOUSE-HUNTING** will take up a great deal of time when Lieutenant and Mrs. Bill Main arrive in England in about a month's time. The Mains, who left Sydney a week ago in the Strathmore, hope to live in one of the southern counties. Mrs. Main was formerly Joan Andrews, daughter of Mrs. C. O. Andrews, of Rose Bay, formerly of Canberra, and the late Mr. Clive Andrews.

**A** CAR piled high with trousseau luggage will leave Connabarabran in early October, when Jose Crossing motors to Adelaide, where she will marry Alan White, of "Lalla Rookh," Port Hedland, Western Australia, at St. Matthew's, Adelaide, on October 17. Jose tells me that all her heavier luggage is going to her new home by sea. Until the wedding, she will stay with one of her bridesmaids, Margaret Knox, of Kingswood, Adelaide. Another bridesmaid, Avril Martin, will come from Broken Hill.



**BRIDAL WALTZ.** Ian Simpson and his bride, formerly Sue Body, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Body, of Inverell Station, Inverell, dance in the woolshed at the bride's home after a reception at the homestead.



**OPERA FIRST NIGHT.** Miss Mariel Mavor (left) and Mrs. E. C. Anderson Stuart at the opening of "Tosca" at the Theatre Royal. Both Mrs. Anderson Stuart and Miss Mavor wore fox furs over their evening gowns.



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## DRESS SENSE by Betty Keep

● A paper pattern for the Dior-inspired dress illustrated below is designed for readers who have written asking for a modified version of the new Dior look suitable for summer.

THE dress at right, inspired by Dior's new dress silhouette in his French autumn openings, shows a rounded bosom and hipline, a fitted midriff and waist section (unbelted), and skirt bellied softly to a shorter hemline. See further details in the caption.

Dior's skirt-line is approximately 16in. from the ground. The dress sketched is slightly longer.

In my opinion this new, rounded look is the most feminine thing since the Dior New Look in 1947, with its tiny waist and rustling petticoats and skirt-line above-ankle length.

HERE is fresh fashion news from other world fashion centres.

In New York the little top in white terry cloth is considered an ideal street fashion and also a good beach "cover-up."

In the same city, black velvet accessories have made a dramatic entrance. Velvet shoes, handbags, belts, and matching dark-heeled stockings give a new look to sheers and cottons.

NEW YORK has also adopted black in cotton sheers and linen as an end-of-summer favorite. Fashion-conscious New Yorkers are wearing black on the beach, in city streets, and for dancing.

Retail stores are making an all-out effort to combat the bare-leg fad by featuring knee-high nylon hosiery bearing the caption "Half a stocking is better than none." Window displays show a model lifting her skirt to reveal stockings reaching to just below the kneecap and held in place with an elastic band.



No. D.S.56. — Dior-inspired one-piece in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5½ yds. 36in. material. Price, 4/6. Pattern may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, Dress Sense, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

IN London, sportswear designer Teddy Tinling is styling one-piece and two-piece tennis ensembles in chalk-white British sharkskin. For a one-piece dress he uses permanent box pleating in the above-knee-length skirt. The

pleating is stitched to the hipline.

The dress has a tailored bodice-top finished with a three-inch-wide inset of white net, which is applied with tennis racquets made of the dress fabric. The net forms a yoke back and front.

Typical of Tinling's two-piece designing is an ensemble consisting of a pair of short shorts with a back apron of narrow pleats, worn with a separate sleeveless shirt. A white belt completes the ensemble.

LONDON swimsuits featured in retail store windows show a changed emphasis on color. Up to now white has been the number one choice in swimsuits, but this season brown, from chestnut to cocoa, has been first favorite.

Fabrics include shantung, taffeta, nylon, and dull-surfaced satin.

The most featured styles are the boned strapless one-piece and the suit with a cuffed bodice-top and pleated skirt.

PHOTOGRAPHED in

Europe at a recent evening party was the Duchess of Windsor in a short fur cape of white mink with a banded yoke and front panels of dark mink.

The fur was worn over a short evening dress of printed organza designed with a slim front and spreading back fullness.

SCHIAPARELLI designs "angel-hair" wraps for grand occasions and pigtail sunglasses—just for fun. The "threads" on the surface of this new chiffon fabric are long, glistening pieces of silk making a loosely scattered fringe that sways lightly as the wearer moves.

Example: On a long white coat the threads are shaded from white to pink to red.

The sunglasses are attached to cellophane pigtails. The pigtails take the place of earpieces and are twisted round the ears to hold on the glasses and come forward on the shoulders with a tiny bow round each braid.

## As I read the stars By EVE HILLIARD

**ARIES** (March 21-April 20): Be loyal to the team, September 30, and share success with the crowd. Popularity brings new activities which go off on a fresh tangent, October 4.

**TAURUS** (April 21-May 20): You can make rapid progress in regard to any plan in view, September 29. September 30 might mean a lucky strike, with a pocketful of good news.

**GEMINI** (May 21-June 21): Should September 29 or October 1 turn your personal, social, or financial world upside down, you'll find yourself in clover, October 4. Your personal plans look like moving a step forward towards fulfilment.

**CANCER** (June 22-July 22): Extend hospitality, enjoy smooth sailing in family relationships, October 2. If young, make requests of elders. October 3 for happy hours.

**LEO** (July 23-August 22): Should September 29 upset the applecart and spoil your attempts to influence people and events, October 2 is kind in almost any direction.

**VIRGO** (August 23-September 23): The morning of October 1 could cost you plenty in time or money with poor results. Wait for a better bargain on October 2.

**LIBRA** (September 24-October 23): Should September 29 produce a brand-new situation in personal affairs, the climax may not be reached before October 5, when you win out.

**SCORPIO** (October 24-November 22): News, correspondence, interviews may be a feature of September 30. Follow your intuitions, watch projects carefully, and you'll see progress, October 3.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 23-December 20): If in love, the young in heart have a glamorous evening, September 29. The carryover to October 2 is even more successful.

**CAPRICORN** (December 21-January 19): October 1 demands strict attention to duty with little thanks, but October 3 and 4 hold out prospects of personal happiness and social pleasures.

**AQUARIUS** (January 20-February 19): Since the days of October 1 and 3 are among the most important in your year, make thoughtful decisions. Travel, changes are possible.

**PISCES** (February 20-March 20): While October 3 favors a mild flutter or the recovery of a lost article, October 5 might bring a sound business proposition. It could be the start of a new deal, with splendid personal benefits.

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# Gary Bordner's

Prints are the rage in Paris. French fabric houses have produced enchanting spring materials printed with blossom sprigs, oyster shells, birds, and fruit. Small all-over designs are pleasing, and the first choice. When a design is large, it is smudgy and well blended to avoid making the wearer appear bulky. Styles are simple and free. If slim-skirted they are worn in conjunction with a jacket or coat in a matching print or blending colored silk.

● Hubert de Givenchy's low-necked sheath frock (below), made in an oyster-shell print, has a separate spencer-blouse of white pique. To highlight the print the centre of each shell is sewn with a single pearl.



● Balmain uses a lovely print of massed grapes, varying through all the tones of purple, for his frock and jacket ensemble (above). The skirt is made in shaped panels with pleated godets to add fullness. The matching short-cut bolero jacket covers a decollete bodice top.



● Schiaparelli has chosen a springlike print of birds, perched on brown twigs, patterned with sprigs of blossom for the model (above right). The bodice has long revers, the skirt a front drape. A large brown hat and accessories give an effective contrast to the flower print.





# Paris Notes.

● Fath's coat-frock ensemble (left) made in a smoky-grey, smudgy-patterned print. The frock has a low-cut draped bodice and princess-line skirt. The coat is lined with lilac to match a flower petal toque which completely hides the hair.



● Paquin's electric-blue print (above) carries a simple fern pattern motif. The model shows the sweater-and-skirt influence with its high-necked, figure-moulding bodice and finely pleated skirt. Earth-brown accessories complete the ensemble.



● Madeleine de Rauch uses a pink rosebud on a white ground for the frock and boxy jacket (right). The slim-skirted frock has a cross-over bodice. The ensemble is worn with a large-brimmed pink straw hat trimmed with twists of green chiffon.

*Dorothea Johnston*



he went through the open french window. Barbara just stayed there where she was. For a moment she was unable to believe what had happened. Jeff had kissed her . . . he had kissed her. The golden goblet of her happiness was full.

As she passed the little path which led down to the harbor, she saw Timothy coming towards her. She did not want to speak to him just then. She was too absorbed in her love. But he waved and she had to stop.

"Was the tennis good?" he asked.

"Wonderful. Did you catch any fish?"

"No, I didn't try."

"Have you only just got back?"

"Yes, Barb."

"Then what did you do all day?"

"I went on a sort of discovery voyage."

His explanation was not satisfying to her. Somehow he didn't seem quite the same.

"See you tomorrow, I expect," she said.

"I'm not sure. Our car's in dock. The mechanic at the garage says I can help him with it."

"Well, have a good time," she called, and went on her way.

Timothy stood watching her for as long as she was in sight. Then he gave a slight shrug of his shoulders, as if he were shaking himself free.

Barbara could hardly wait to go to bed that night. She wanted to think over what happened between herself and Jeff.

She put a finger against her forehead where Jeff's lips had rested so lightly, and was filled with high exaltation.

**A**LL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

## Continuing . . . You Build My Dreams

from page 5

Her seventeen years had passed so placidly; only Timothy had happened to break the calmness of her days. But that was nothing now. . . . Now Jeff had come to lead her to undreamed-of delights. Delights which she could not even imagine, except that they would be tender and very beautiful.

The next day it was raining. When Barbara woke up and saw the silver, slanting lines of rain sweeping past her window she could hardly believe it was true. The night had been fine, not a cloud in the sky. But there it was—raining. No beach today. Where would Jeff be? It would be too awful if he sat in the hotel playing bridge.

As soon as she could leave her hotel without drawing questions from her parents, she hurried off. The rain smacked down upon her white raincoat and made her hair more curly than usual.

She passed the garage and saw Timothy. He was wearing a pair of blue dungarees, bending over the engine of the car next to a mechanic. He was too engrossed to see her.

At the hotel Barbara asked the hall porter where she would find Flight-Lieutenant Robinson and he said he thought he was upstairs in the reading room. So she slipped off her raincoat and went upstairs.

She looked through the glass doors and then she saw Jeff. He was sitting in an armchair and next to him was another chair. A dark girl was sitting in it. Their heads were close together and they were talking earnestly. It wasn't that which shocked and stampeded Barbara; it was the expression in their faces, an absorbed expres-

sion which cut them off from everyone else in the world.

She felt utterly bewildered. Her knees were weak.

There was no one else in the reading room and the door shut off anything the two in there were saying, but Barbara didn't need to hear their words; she had eyes to see. And then, Jeff took the girl's hand in his and raised it, palm upwards, to his lips. Barbara suffered the sensation of the passionate kiss which he placed in it just as if it had been in her own hand. She put her fingers over her eyes and stumbled away from the door.

Where could she go? Where could she hide herself? Her mind was whirling. This couldn't be true. Jeff couldn't be like that. He had kissed her only the evening before. He loved her. Who was this girl who sat so close to him?

She turned and was going down the stairs when she heard Mr. Robinson's voice calling her.

"Hi, Barbara, this is a bit of luck. I've just rung up your parents and asked them to have lunch with us today; they didn't know where you'd got to. You're invited, too, of course."

"Thanks awfully. I'd love to," she answered, and went up the stairs again to the cloakroom she knew was on the floor above. She went over to a mirror and stared at a stranger. The eyes were too big, the mouth too set. But she held back tears. She still didn't understand what had happened.

She thought, maybe it's all a mistake; she's a sort of relative or something. But doubt invaded her mind. She combed her hair and went out of the cloakroom slowly.

She found the Robinsons and her own mother and father and Timothy in the room where the cocktail bar was. Presently Jeff and the girl joined them.

"Hello, Barbara. I want you to meet Rose Bracken. You'll like each other."

The two girls shook hands and Rose Bracken said in a soft voice: "I've been hearing all about you from Jeff. He says you've been an angel to him. That was good of you."

Lunch was terrible to Barbara. She sat opposite Timothy. At least she couldn't see Jeff and the girl, because they were on the same side of the table as she was. She listened to the gay laughter and talk. For some time she could not even speak. Timothy was watching her. He felt his own throat contract because he knew what she was suffering.

A deep admiration mixed with his love for her. She was brave. She was making a fine show of it.

Barbara forced herself to eat food that, to her, tasted like sawdust. It stuck in her throat and once or twice she really feared she would be unable to swallow it.

Then suddenly the wine waiter appeared with two bottles of champagne wrapped in table napkins and resting in silver-plated ice pails.

Mr. Robinson looked up in surprise and said to the waiter, "What's this?"

The waiter whispered in his ear, and, still looking puzzled, Mr. Robinson signalled to the waiter to pour out the champagne.

When he had done so, Jeff

struggled to his feet and, holding up a glass, he said, "Sorry I didn't tell you about this before, Dad, but I wanted it to be a surprise. Will you all wish us luck? Rose and I are going to get married. It would have happened a year ago if I hadn't been a pig-headed ass."

Rose broke in, she was smiling up at him, love and happiness in her face, as she said, "Don't believe him, anybody; it was much more my fault than Jeff's."

"Anyway, drink to us, all of you," Jeff said.

Timothy hated his brother at that moment. He dared not look across at Barb. He could feel her suffering through every nerve of his body. Why couldn't they have left her out of this? Why had she to drink this bitter cup?

And then they all stood up and Timothy found himself compelled to look at Barbara, and what he saw amazed him.

Her eyes were bright, her cheeks held roses, and her lips were curved into an expression of gladness. She sipped from the champagne glass, looking straight at Jeff and Rose. Her gallantry made him feel humble.

After the meal was ended, Timothy's mother said to Barbara, "The rain has stopped; why don't you and Timothy go for a nice walk?"

Timothy was close by; he said, "Yes, come on, Barb."

She nodded.

Outside the whole world gleamed with silver and gold raindrops. They walked in silence for a long time.

At last, when they were some way from the hotel, Timothy glanced round for a quick moment at the girl beside him.

### Bush pottery factory

**A**T Leura, in N.S.W., is a very un-factory-like factory in an unexpected setting—the bushland beauty of the Blue Mountains.

There an Australian ex-serviceman and his English wife are making a success, financially and artistically, in the world's oldest craft—pottery.

Gordon Dunstan used to be an engineer, but his wife, Joan, whom he met while attached to the British Army, infected him with the pottery bug. She was—and is—an all-round artist—painter, sculptor, ceramist.

There's an illustrated article about this enterprising couple and their beautiful work in the September 29 issue of *A.M.*, the weekly magazine for all the family.

The light had gone from her face and desolation veiled it. The tears streamed unheeded down her cheeks.

The sight of those tears falling in utter silence did something to Timothy. Every nerve became taut so that he walked along very stiffly. He found that he was holding his breath. He put his hand sideways until he encountered her clenched fist. He curled his fingers round it and presently her hand unclosed and became enfolded closely within his clasp.

"Don't cry, don't cry, dear Barb," he whispered, staring straight ahead.

Brilliant sunlight struck into their eyes as they walked slowly forward.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 30, 1953



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dropped—almost as though what they saw dazzled them.

"I thought I'd like to know you. I thought—"

"Yes?" prompted Mr. Carstairs.

"I thought you looked so distinguished—"

She had a way of letting her sentences trail off, of leaving them, so to speak, to echo. Or to hover, like the smoke from a cigarette, just coloring the air.

The adjective "distinguished" hovered now, under the apple trees. But she didn't go on; she took up and nibbled a little head of lettuce; and Mr. Carstairs had to prompt her again.

"But didn't I seem as old as the hills to you?"

Sylvia chewed, and swallowed. "I like older men best."

Mr. Carstairs was jarred. It was the plural that jarred on him. (But how perceptive she was!) Immediately, she added:

"Not that I know any men, really. I just thought you—"

"Yes?" said Mr. Carstairs.

"I just thought you looked so distinguished and experienced. I thought I'd like to know you."

With a first faint stirring of unease he realised that her vocabulary was unusually limited.

Their conversation was becoming circular; somehow or other they would have to progress, they would have to get on.

He also realised that any break from this limited (though undeniably flattering) round could be only . . . well, in one direction or another.

Upstairs, in fact, or down; "down" meaning back to the car. Upstairs there was a room, there was a landlady who wasn't fussy; there was Sylvia's mammoth handbag; there was also, he remembered, in the trunk of the car, a bag of his own packed for golfing weekends.

But the sum of these factors didn't include his own desire. He desired flattery; and it was beginning to seem as though his palate for the stuff was finer than he realised.

The girl, watching him—she was certainly perceptive; she knew what to do—put out her small, thin hand and touched his own. Her fingers were more eloquent than her tongue; they nestled into Mr. Carstairs' palm, a mere, weightless handful of bones, as though he held a bird there; and like a bird they were tremulous, between confidence and alarm.

What did it matter, thought Mr. Carstairs, that she wasn't particularly articulate? Wasn't there enough flattery in her eyes, in her fingers? Wasn't it, perhaps, her very sincerity that tied her tongue? (The first Sylvia, too, the girl in the vicarage garden, had been shy and silent; Mr. Carstairs found it easy to transfer some of her other attributes as well to this second Sylvia, in the orchard.)

He looked down at the hand still lying in his and, with their first gesture of intimacy, squeezed it.

"Oh, Mr. Carstairs!" said Sylvia.

He let her go, he reined back, so abruptly that the table rocked. He said brusquely,

"How do you know my name?"

She dropped her eyes. But it didn't seem to him, just then, quite so touching a trick. "I just knew."

"You mean you've known all along?"

"I s'pose so."

"Either you did or you didn't," said Mr. Carstairs curtly. It was as though he already foresaw all the rest; he was already wounded to the quick. "We'll presume you did. How?"

The girl sighed. "My boyfriend works in your office. He took me to the Christmas party. 'Course, you didn't notice me."

H. E. Carstairs threw a backward glance over a gaggle of young women, mostly in pink taffeta, and acknowledged that he hadn't.

"But I noticed you," said the girl.

It seemed to Mr. Carstairs merely reasonable. At the office party, naturally, everyone noticed him. He continued the cross-examination.

"All right. So that's why you . . . pursued me—in the park?"

She nodded. The wave of fair hair dropped and hid her eyes.

## Continuing . . . The Girl on the Grass

from page 10

Mr. Carstairs no longer found this trick touching, either.

"All right," he repeated. "Why?"

"I thought I could make a friend of you—"

"And then?"

"Oh, well," said the girl, "I thought, if I made a friend of you, you might give Robbie a rise."

So there it was, the complete and banal and humiliating picture. Mr. Carstairs didn't doubt it for an instant; he'd been subject to lobbying before, though on a different level; and if his brain, for the last week, hadn't ceased to function, he might have scented just some such motive from the start.

It was he, by gum, who'd been the touching character! The babe in the wood, the babe in the park! How far the girl would actually have gone he didn't know, and didn't want to; all he wanted now was to conceal his wound and get back to London.

"Robbie?" he repeated coolly. "What's the rest of his name?"

"Robinson," said the girl. "In the office."

Mr. Carstairs' brain, when functioning, enjoyed the resources of a card index. He now recalled, in every detail, young Robinson's appearance, qualifications, and record. They were all slightly below average.

"My dear child," said Mr. Carstairs briskly, "he hasn't a hope. Look farther, and you can hardly fare worse. Now finish that unpleasant food, and I'll drive you back to town."

He carried it off pretty well. But how flat, how sordid an ending to his excursion! They drove back in silence, each as glum as the other.

But the girl had at least had her run into the country; at least she could console herself with that. All Mr. Carstairs could think of, in the way of consolation, was strong whisky, and then, with luck, dreamless sleep.

"Where can I put you down?" asked Mr. Carstairs, as they recrossed the river.

"Any bus stop'll do now," said the girl resignedly.

He didn't inquire further, but halted at the next, let her slide out, nodded her goodbye, and drove on towards his empty house.

He, too, felt empty; spiritless and tired and a good deal of a fool. He was thinking, in fact, very little of himself, as he garaged his car, slammed the garage doors, and walked up between the rosebushes towards his empty, unwelcoming house.

His key—how inevitably, he should have expected it—jammed in the lock. But before he could free it, someone opened to him. It was Susan, his wife; she must have been standing ready.

H. E. Carstairs stared at her so blankly that she retreated, just a pace or two, brushing the big jar of roses on the hall table.

And her voice saying "Harry?" held an odd note of inquiry, as though his look made him half a stranger.

"I dined out," said Mr. Carstairs automatically. "I thought you were going to your mother's."

"I was. I changed my mind."

Mr. Carstairs stumped past her into the hall and shed his hat towards its peg. He didn't know whether to be pleased or not; he'd promised himself a good stiff whisky and a dreamless sleep. He decided he wasn't pleased.

"Your mother'll be disappointed. Have you phoned her?"

"Of course." Susan Carstairs stooped to pick up his hat, which had missed the peg, and stood holding it between her hands.

Mr. Carstairs stumped on into the dining-room and poured himself his promised whisky. Everything else had gone wrong, but at least his sleep might be dreamless. Over his shoulder, "Well? What stopped you?" he asked. "Why didn't you go?"

"Because of you, of course,"

said Mrs. Carstairs, following him.

He turned and stared at her again. "Because of me?"

"Of course. Because I didn't know what was upsetting you. I just knew you were upset, and I didn't want to leave you all alone."

Mr. Carstairs could hardly believe his ears. He had to empty his glass before he could reply. Then he said, incredulously, "D'you mean you noticed anything?"

"Of course," said Susan Carstairs again. "It started—didn't it?—the Thursday before last. When we had the Bakers in for bridge."

Mr. Carstairs, refilling his glass, narrowly avoided an overflow. "D'you mean you noticed?" he repeated—with rising hope.

"Of course I noticed! If you can't tell me, Harry, don't. But don't think, either, that I didn't notice."

"I didn't think you noticed me at all," stated Mr. Carstairs flatly. "I thought you'd stopped. I imagined myself just a necessary, though unnoticeable, factor in this highly desirable residence."

Opening her hands in a gesture of entreaty, Susan Carstairs let his hat fall, with a soft thud, upon the delightful blue carpet of their delightful dining-room. Until that moment neither of them realised that she still held it. But now it dropped, rolled, vanished; and with the hat went her self-control.

"When you wouldn't even take your rose!" wailed Mrs. Carstairs. "When I picked it for you, because I thought you'd just forgotten, and you still left it behind! And when you had your hair cut three days early! When you said goodbye to me this morning, at breakfast, as though I should never see you again! Of course I noticed! I notice every darn thing you do, and every darn breath you breathe, and you're so much my whole darn life I'm scared to let you see it, in case I grow into a darned clinging pest! But if you've fallen for another

darn woman, I'll darn well wring her neck!"

Mr. Carstairs had never been so flattered in his life.

Half incredulous, almost shocked—for upon the lips of his Susan the expletive "darn" equated the best efforts of a sergeant-major—almost

shocked, then, half incredulous, but above all flattered, Mr. Carstairs nonetheless set down his glass quite steadily—as a superior male should—before advancing to reassure his wife in the traditional masculine style.

Taking his Susan into his arms, he told her not to be a silly little fool. Assuring her of his utter fidelity, he nonetheless spared breath to explain how opportunity, not merely during the past week, not merely beckoned but actually pestered a man of his qualities.

He couldn't, since his wife knew her, actually present Miss Briggs as a Helen of Troy; but he did present the girl on the grass, the girl he'd taken out to dinner, as a film starlet. No doubt the gods of matrimony forgave him.

"Yes, but where is she now?" demanded Mrs. Carstairs jealously. "At the Ritz, waiting for you to dress?"

"I sent her home to her mamma," said Mr. Carstairs—quite probably speaking the truth.

"If you hadn't—"

"Susan!" said Mr. Carstairs firmly.

She stopped. She was a small woman. She played much better bridge than he did, and drove a car much better, and ran her house as well as he ran his office, and for her age was much better looking; nonetheless, standing so close beside him, her head practically on his chest, she was small.

And Harry Carstairs expanded his shoulders, and offered her security and protection, and was her husband and her prop and her all . . .

He felt like the man in the fable, who went to see the moon rise, and who, after long climbing, looked back from the opposite crest of the valley upon his own house, already silver.

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see if you can work out this crossword puzzle around them..

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YOUR ENTRY WILL WIN  
A PAIR IF AMONGST THE  
FIRST 500 CORRECT AND  
NEATEST ENTRIES OPENED.

2 Across

OF GOOD  
PROPORTION



ELASTIC-  
WAISTED DENIM SHORTS

7 Across

THEY ADD  
COLOUR  
TO YOUR  
SUMMER  
.....



POPLIN BEACH SHORTS

8 Across

YOU'LL  
WALK A  
LONG WAY  
TO BETTER



ELASTIC-  
WAISTED DENIM SLACKS

10 Across

JUST THE  
THING FOR  
FISHING



DENIM SHORTS

13 Across

SHOWING  
OUR  
UPPER  
HAND



TROPICAL CHANNEL-  
WAISTED SLACKS

14 Across

TO GO  
WITH  
THESE



MAID'S DENIM PEDAL-PUSHERS

15 Across

TAKE  
IT  
EASY  
IN  
THESE



BOXER TYPE SHORTS

16 Across

YOUR  
NUMBER  
.....  
CHOICE



TROPICAL WEIGHT SELF-BELTED SLACKS

17 Across

WHAT  
A  
PERFECT  
.....



TROPICAL WEIGHT SHORTS

19 Across

SYNONYM  
IN  
BRIEF



DENIM SHORTS WITH TARTAN TRIM

20 Across

USUALLY  
NEEDED  
OUTDOORS  
(inits.)



TARTAN TRIM PEDAL-PUSHERS

21 Across

TOP-HOLE



TROPICAL WEIGHT SLACKS

1 Down

DENIM'S  
A  
STURDY  
FABRIC



DENIM BIB-AND-BRACE

3 Down

YOU'LL  
THANK  
US FOR  
THIS



DENIM "TOREADOR"

4 Down

LET'S  
GO  
WITH  
HER



TROPICAL WEIGHT SLACKS

5 Down

DENIM  
MAKES  
VERSATILE  
CLOTHES



DENIM SKIRT

6 Down

"COME  
WALK  
WITH  
ME?"



DENIM JEANS

8 Down

TO SUIT  
HER  
SPECIAL  
WHIMS



TARTAN TRIM SHORTS

9 Down

HOLEPROOF  
DENIM  
IS A  
GOOD  
FRIEND  
TO HAVE



DENIM SHORTS

11 Down

HER  
OLDER  
BROTHER  
LIKES  
THEM  
TOO



BOXER TYPE SHORTS

12 Down

BEGINNING  
AND  
END OF  
TASTE



DENIM PEDAL-PUSHERS

13 Down

WE  
LIKE  
THIS  
PROPORTION



DENIM SHORTS

17 Down

JOLLY  
TO  
WEAR



MAID'S DENIM JEANS

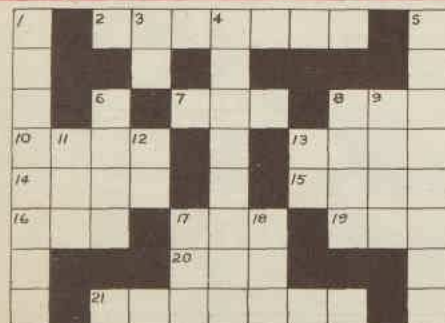
18 Down

HEIGHT OF  
FASHION



TROPICAL WEIGHT WALK SHORTS

Keep on the lookout for these HOLEPROOF "Lucky stars" in your favourite store.



### HOW TO ENTER THE COMPETITION

- Just fill in the Crossword . . . (use clues provided).
- The clues ACROSS are adjacent to the first 12 photos from left to right.
- The clues DOWN are adjacent to the last 12 photos.
- Each clue is numbered as it appears in the Crossword.
- Use the photos — they will help you.
- Detach your entry along the dotted line
- Send finished entry, not later than October 30, 1953 to "CROSSWORD", Holeproof Ltd., P.O. Box 42, Brunswick, VICTORIA.
- Make sure you send your name, address and shoe size with your entry.

Winners will be notified by post. Correct solution to appear in "Women's Weekly", November 11, 1953. Judges decision final.

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Pattern for beginners  
F2753.—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make pocket-trimmed stole. Requires 3½ yds. 36in. material and ¼ yd. fringe. Special price, 2/6.



F2753

# Fashion PATTERNS

FASHION PATTERNS and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 843 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.

F2752.—Smart slim-line daytime dress. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. 36in. material and ¼ yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 3/6.

F2754.—Glamorous evening gown, designed with a draped halter-necked bodice top and wide skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 8½ yds. 36in. material. Price, 4/6.



F2755

F2755.—Hot weather maternity dress has a comfortable cross-over silhouette and sleeveless bodice. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5 yds. 36in. material and 2½ yds. 6in. ribbon for sash. Price, 3/6.

F2754

F2756.—Girl's one-piece dress with front-buttoned fastening. Sizes: lengths 20in., 23in., 27in., and 31in. for 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 2½ yds. 36in. striped material. Price, 2/6.

F2752

F2756

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

### No. 526—ORGANDIE THROW-OVER

The throw-over is obtainable clearly traced in a very pretty design ready to embroider. The color choice includes white, pastel blue, lemon, pink, and green. Size 36in. x 36in. Price, 7/11. Postage and registration, 6d. extra.

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The cover is clearly traced ready to embroider in an unusual waratah design. The material is British headcloth, obtainable in white, cream, blue, lemon, pink, and green. Size 18in. x 18in. Price, 4/11. Postage and registration, 6d. extra.

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The suit is obtainable cut out ready to make with an easy to follow instruction chart. The material is striped summer breeze cotton. The color choice includes blue, green, red, and brown stripes all printed on a white ground. Size 18in. length for 2 years, 8/3; postage 10d.; 19in. length for 3 years, 8/9; postage 10d.; 20in. length for 4 years, 9/11; postage 1/-; 23in. length for 5-6 years, 11/3; postage 1/-.

### No. 529—SUNBROCK AND BOLERO

This attractive summer two-piece is obtainable cut out ready to make in British headcloth, with a check gingham accent on bodice top and pockets. The color choice includes blue headcloth with blue check gingham accent, lemon headcloth with lemon and white gingham accent, white headcloth with red and white check gingham accent, and green headcloth with green and white check gingham accent. Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 35/9; 36in. and 38in. bust, 37/3. Postage and registration, 2/9 extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 8/11 sent by registered post.



529



528



527



526

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**Trust** Pacific SUPER-TEX to be first again! This time with a brand new towel pattern that captures all the fresh casual air of the great outdoors... that introduces a delightful informal note into the modern bathroom! A super absorbent towel, too, that soaks up water like a sponge... feels soft as a caress against the skin. Made up in an extra large size to do double duty in the bathroom... or on the beach! Now on display wherever towels are sold!



These Pacific SUPER-TEX SURFER Towels are always a favourite! Now available in a rainbow range of colours... and in your choice of many new designs. Illustrated is the new candy stripe beach stole and one of the brilliant SURFER designs. Others you'll like are Pirate, Diving Girl, Turtle, Sailor and Ship's Wheel.



**STOP PRESS:** Pacific SUPER-TEX have just released an exciting new range of jolly juvenile towels featuring printed animal patterns. They're so gay... so colourful... kiddies will love using these towels... so make a point of seeing them at your favourite store soon!

*Ask to see the new Pacific SUPER-TEX Chenille Dressing Gowns and Bedspreads, too!*

**AUSTRALIAN TOWEL WEAVING MILLS PTY. LTD.**

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 30, 1953





DEMETRIUS, the gallant Greek slave who helps to spread the new Christian faith in early Rome, is played by Victor Mature in "The Robe."

# Hollywood films "The Robe"

★ Mighty Rome is the background of "The Robe," Fox's technicolor drama of early Christianity. The story tells of the home-spun robe worn by Jesus on Calvary and its symbolism in the Christian struggle against tyranny.

Based on the popular novel by Lloyd C. Douglas, the film is the first full-length movie in the new Cinemascope process. Several British actors are in the top-flight cast, which is headed by talented young stage star Richard Burton, Jean Simmons, Victor Mature, and Jay Robinson.

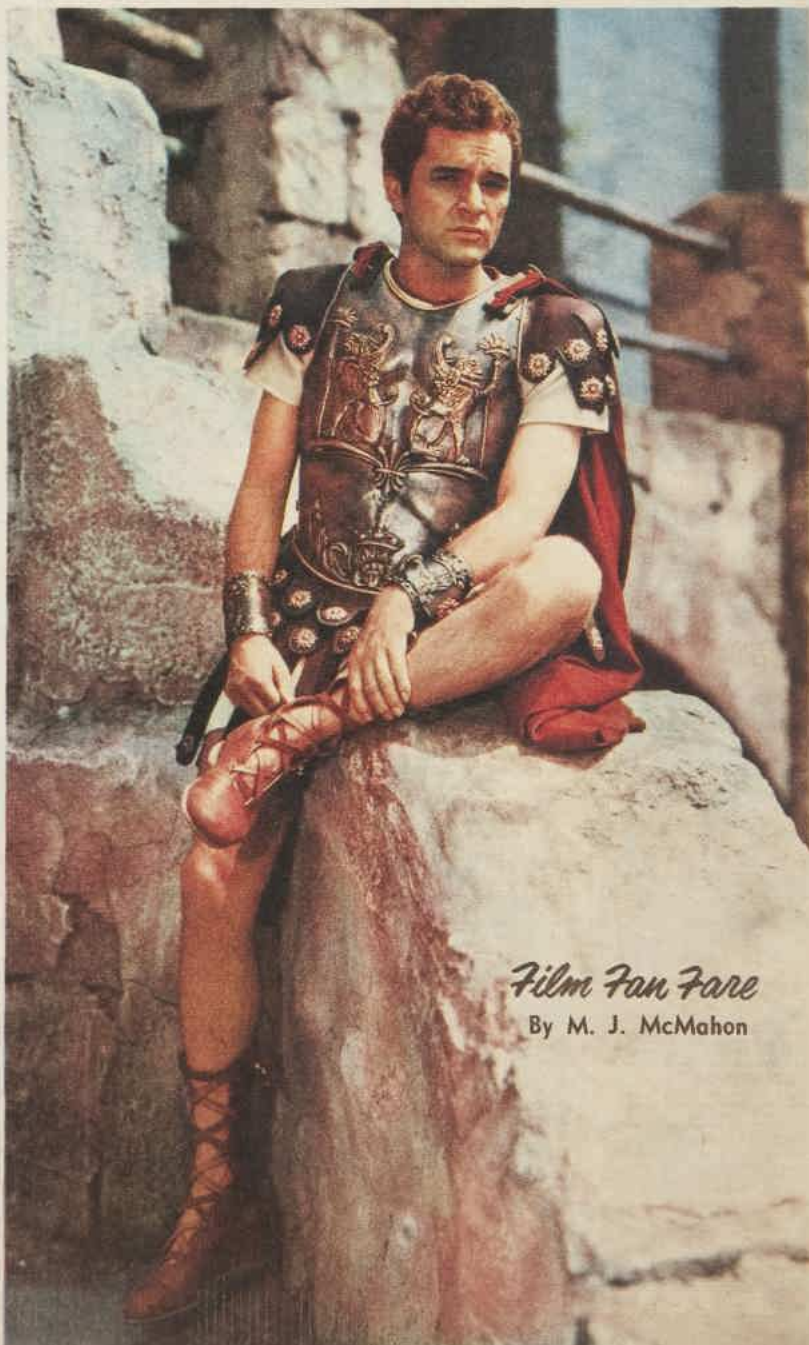


EMPEROR CALIGULA is the arch villain of "The Robe." Brilliant young Broadway actor Jay Robinson plays this corrupt despot, sadistic enemy of early Christians.



DIANA (Jean Simmons), beautiful ward of the Emperor Tiberius, rejects the advances of Caligula because she loves Marcellus. When Marcellus is condemned for treason to Rome for embracing Christianity, Diana chooses to die with him.

MARCELLUS (Richard Burton), right, the Roman soldier who rolls dice to win the robe of Christ on Calvary. Demetrius escapes with the holy symbol, leaving the Roman tormented with a sense of guilt. Marcellus is the film's plum acting role.



*Film Fan Fare*  
By M. J. McMahon



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"There's a style to suit, a  
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frocks every fashion-conscious  
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her younger daughters.



- 1 For staid occasions a sleeveless dress in washable organdie with matching belt. Skirt has pointed detail that reveals traces of undivided organdie.
- 2 Pretty picture for any young "dancer" in this washable organdie dress with pearl and rhinestone embroidery on bodice and swirling full skirt.
- 3 A demure Miss wears this "Sunday Best" washable organdie with satin yoke and full skirt.

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# From Under my Hat

**REVELLING** in a seven-year contract at M.G.M., I lost it.

I wasn't a star, only a featured player in support of the big shots. I was the mean woman who made the stars look good. I've slapped more children, tumbled down more houses of cards, kicked over more building blocks, and rapped more innocent knuckles than any female fiend in an old-time orphanage.

In England some called me "The Major General" because I was the perennial fixer-upper. I was also the matron for ever on the make; the title-hunting mama, daughter in one hand, cheque-book in the other.

When there were such dames in scripts, Metro formed the pleasing habit of saying, "Okay, get Hopper in here." On the screen I looked ridiculous, but the money was nice.

I must have gone to L. B. Mayer no fewer than a score of times and said, "Why must I always play a bitch?"

He'd say, "We can't have a bitch playing a bitch. A woman who looks like a lady makes those parts bearable, believable." Do you wonder why I've always said Mayer was a better actor than anyone he had under contract?

"But why must I play them all?" I'd yell. I never played a good woman on the screen till after my contract with Metro was finished—and then for free in a short subject for the benefit of crippled children.

Being under contract to Metro gave you a "high rating." A player on the list at the top studio was in demand everywhere. Then, if you weren't working on the home lot and another studio had a part for you, you were loaned out. You got your salary; the studio got half as much as a four weeks' guarantee, and pictures usually ran from ten to twelve weeks.

I did no moping. If there was no part for me at M.G.M., I visited other studios and rented myself out. That's how I ended up in "The Man Who Played God," with George Arliss. This picture was Bette Davis' first screen chance; her stepping-stone to success. Bette had had a grim experience at Universal and was ready to quit Hollywood for keeps when she was brought to Mr. Arliss' attention. He appointed himself her patron saint. Wish he'd done the same for me; I was treated like an alley cat with the scurvy.

When it came my turn to rehearse, Arliss screwed that monocle of his in his cold eye and said, "Now let's see what you can do." As good a method as any of freezing an actor to the floor.

I won't say I lacked confidence, but George Arliss killed every vestige of it. I blundered through the rehearsal. Arliss

said frigidly, "I suggest you study the part and do it for me tomorrow."

My trusty old temper boiled up, but in the nick of time a man who'd played with Arliss on stage and screen for twenty-two years edged round to me and said quietly, "Don't let him upset you. He's been doing it to me for over twenty years."

"Why have you stayed to take it?" I asked.

"An actor must live. The pay is good; and there is always a long engagement. But I never walked on stage that I didn't tremble in my shoes. I knew life would catch up with him some day, though."

"It did. That was my reward. Remember when he played Shylock on the New York stage? The critics who'd always praised him to the skies tore him apart. For the first time I saw fear in his eyes when he walked on stage, just as all these years he had put fear in my heart. Just as he put fear in yours today." The man shrugged. "I'm telling you this because I didn't want you to feel humiliated. He's not worth it."

Bette got the opposite treatment. Arliss was all ingratiating smiles, couldn't furnish her with enough help. Bette blossomed.

I'd done well for Metro on loan-outs, and for myself, too. But I'd been around too long; they grew tired of my face. God knows, I was tired of it, too, but I was stuck with it! The studio was in a better position; they could do something about it.

Gradually, as they brought other actresses—some of them older than I—out from Broadway, it was up to me to arrange my own deals. I spent a whole year at Pathe, travelling to M.G.M. only to get my pay cheque. It was nice travelling if you could get it! I was half a year at Paramount. M.G.M. made a profit on me of not less than twelve thousand dollars.

By **HEDDA HOPPER**

**SYNOPSIS:** New York stage experience plus an adventurous spirit and unfailing sense of humor are the stepping stones to security for Hedda Hopper in early Hollywood.

Top-line writers and actors from New York and the Continent make their way to the West Coast. New stars are discovered as old favorites fade.

The Barrymores—Ethel, Lionel, and John—make films together. Sound films hit Hollywood with a bang.

General Douglas MacArthur and Winston Churchill are among prominent personages entertained during the Louis B. Mayer-Irving Thalberg reign there. NOW READ ON:

sometimes eighteen thousand dollars, a year.

Then came the collapse of the William Fox picture empire, and the birth of 20th Century-Fox, when Darryl Zanuck joined Joe Schenck, brother of Nick, president of Loew's and M.G.M.

Twentieth Century had a vault full of stories, plenty of equipment, but few stars. So what more natural for Brother Nick than to lend M.G.M.'s biggest stars to Brother Joe and to Darryl Zanuck. The trouble was Nick reckoned without Irving Thalberg.

Irving had built up those Metro stars. His pictures would be in competition with 20th Century. He put down his foot with a thump. "From now on no player will be loaned from this studio," said Thalberg. "I took unknowns from the extra ranks and trained them. They've become box-office names around the globe. Does Armour allow its hams to go out without a Wilson label?"

Irving was far-seeing. He had watched Darryl Zanuck grow from a writer to one of Warner's top producers and knew that, given a studio of his own, Darryl would become the big threat to Metro. And how right he was.

Today Zanuck is hailed as the finest producer in Hollywood. After Thalberg died and Louis B. Mayer became more interested in horses than in actors, M.G.M.—from a standpoint of prestige—started to slide downhill.

Like most of Thalberg's thinking, his refusal to lend his stars was sound. Nobody under contract to Metro could be loaned out to any other studio.

There went my living!

I had a long talk with Irving about it. He said simply, "I'm sorry, Hedda, but when you make a rule it has to be for all. I can't make any exceptions." So when my option came up a

few months hence, I was off the lot and minus a job.

When you have no salary after having had a steady one for seven years, you have to get out and dig. I made a discovery which is typical Hollywood psychology. Instead of being welcome any longer at studios where I had played, I was shunned. I had lost my contract.

So when Louis Mayer suggested I could make money selling actors if I became associated with Hattie Carnegie's husband, Major John Zandt, in the agency business, I thought, "What the heck! It's still show business. He may be right."

I agreed to go in with the major, despite the fact that selling flesh was always abhorrent to me. I was always reminded of the poor souls sold on the block in olden days, and more recently, into slavery. Many of our actors and actresses were sold into slavery, but the chains that bound them were of fine gold studded with jewels, and their reward—all the luxuries in the world, and a way of life which they'd only dreamed about.

Putting this shadow and substance behind me, I decided to have a go at it. After I had met the major, we set about looking for an office location and finally settled on a suite in a prominent bank building in Beverly Hills.

Part of my duties was to introduce the major to prospective clients. Inasmuch as I knew Hollywood people—not only actors but producers, writers, and directors—I was in a position to be helpful. I also knew which star was dissatisfied with his present agent. In those days you could jolly well leave one agent and take another if you were unhappy. Actors were always on the look-out for one who could walk through the front door of every mogul in the picture business. Major John Zandt could and did.

The day before we were open for business I was shown my desk in the outer office which I was to share with two secretaries. Then the major called me in to discuss the set-up, which frankly I didn't like. If I was to be as useful as I knew I could be, my place was not outside his door but in a little office of my own where I could receive our clients in private.

As I entered the major's office he was holding an intimate conversation with, I hope, a gentleman. I don't believe any lady would listen that long to such a conversation.

I waited until he hung up, stuck out my hand, and said, "It's been nice knowing you, Major. Goodbye."

I didn't want to explain. He was intelligent and could figure it out for himself. I had scarcely reached my own home when I had a telephone call from Louis B. Mayer, asking what had happened. I told him. All he said was, "I'm sorry it didn't work out. I think you could have helped the major and made yourself some money."

To be continued



**ACTRESS BETTE DAVIS** and Hedda Hopper (left), photographed on a 1938 movie set. Bette is wearing a hair-do for her role in "Jezebel" teamed with slacks and an overcoat.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 30, 1953



# Which Twin has the Toni ■■ and which has the expensive perm?

(See answer below)



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★ Judith and Lynette Spencer are identical twins. Judith (on the right) has a Toni and her sister an expensive perm. Yet you can't tell the difference.

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## Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ **Dangerous When Wet**  
METRO'S new technicolor musical "Dangerous When Wet" is an agreeable, true-to-formula plunge for Esther Williams.

It gives her a chance to wear some snappy outfits both in and out of the water, to perform exhibition swims gracefully, and finally to conquer the English Channel.

Esther finds romantic distraction in the toothy charm of Fernando Lamas.

Youthful filmgoers will probably get a lift from Mr. Lamas' wooing of Esther. He plays a wealthy Frenchman who lives on a sloop in the Channel, and she finds him wearing a white dinner-jacket in a rowboat in the early morning.

A couple of innocuous songs crop out of the flimsy story about an athletic Arkansas family which is high-pressed by fast-talking promoter Jack Carson to enter a Channel swim.

It's good to see veterans William Demarest and Charlotte Greenwood as Pa and Ma of the picture. As a French entrant in the cross-Channel marathon, Denise Darcel rarely gets her bathing-suit wet, but is good fun. In Sydney—St. James.

★★ **Thunder Bay**  
UNIVERSAL'S technicolor "Thunder Bay" is a well acted and produced post-World War II adventure of oil prospecting beneath waters adjacent to a Louisiana fishing village.

James Stewart's dependable homespun charm will hold the attention of ladies in the audience who are more interested in the gusher which roars in the last reel than in the mechanics of off-shore oil-drilling. The story sets up a seemingly impossible array of odds against wild-cat oilman Stewart and his wartime buddy, Dan Duryea, in their quest for oil.

The prejudice of local fishermen who fear for their livelihood creates brawls and skirmishes, and there is a near-lynching.

There are also industrial, financial, and romantic problems to plague tenacious Mr. Stewart.

Joanne Dru brings well-scrubbed charm to the role of the local girl with a chip on her shoulder, and Jay C. Flippen is well in character as a bluff oilman.

Roland Gilbert and Antonio Moreno do their best with character roles that are not always convincing. In Sydney—State.

### CITY FILM GUIDE

#### Films reviewed

CAPITOL.—★ "Rainbow Island," technicolor comedy romance, starring Dorothy Lamour, Barry Sullivan. Plus ★★ "The Stork Club," technicolor musical, starring Betty Hutton, Barry Fitzgerald. (Both re-releases.)

CENTURY.—★ "Hans Christian Andersen," technicolor musical fantasy, starring Danny Kaye, Jeanne Crain, Farley Granger. Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE AND REGENT.—★★★ "Moulin Rouge," technicolor drama, starring Jose Ferrer, Colette Marchand. Plus featurettes.

LIBERTY.—★★ "The Story of Three Loves," technicolor romantic drama, starring Kirk Douglas, Pier Angeli, Leslie Caron, James Mason. Plus featurettes.

LYRIC.—★★ "Billy the Kid," technicolor Western, starring Robert Taylor, Brian Donlevy. Plus "Code Two," action drama, starring Ralph Meeker, Sally Forrest. (Both re-releases.)

SAVOY.—★★ "The Seven Deadly Sins," French-language omnibus film, starring Viviane Romance, Isa Miranda, Gerard Philipe, Francoise Rosay.

STATE.—★★ "Thunder Bay," technicolor drama, starring James Stewart, Dan Duryea, Joanne Dru. (See review this page.) Plus ★ "Sally and St. Anne," comedy, starring Ann Blyth, Edmund Gwenn.

ST. JAMES.—★★ "Dangerous When Wet," technicolor romance, starring Esther Williams, Fernando Lamas. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

VARIETY.—★ "Girls of Pleasure Island," technicolor romantic comedy, starring Leo Genn, Don Taylor, Audrey Dalton, Dorothy Bromiley, Joan Egan. Plus ★★ "S.O.S. Submarine," semi-documentary sea drama.

VICTORY.—★★ "Stalag 17," war comedy, starring William Holden, Don Taylor. Plus "Breakdown," boxing drama, starring William Bishop, Ann Richards.

#### Films not yet reviewed

CIVIC.—"High Lonesome," technicolor Western, starring John Barrymore, jun., Lois Butler. Plus "The Crooked Day," mystery, starring John Payne. (Re-release.)

EMBASSY.—"So Little Time," war drama, starring Marius Goring, Maria Schell. Plus "Castle in the Air," comedy, starring David Tomlinson, Margaret Rutherford.

LYCEUM.—"City Beneath the Sea," technicolor marine adventure, starring Robert Ryan, Mala Powers. Plus "Column South," technicolor Western, starring Audie Murphy, Joan Evans.

MAYFAIR AND PARK.—"The Girl Next Door," technicolor musical, starring Dan Dailey, June Haver. Plus "Tiger Woman," jungle drama, starring Adele Mara.

PALACE.—"Ride the Man Down," trucolor Western, starring Brian Donlevy, Rod Cameron, Ella Raines, Barbara Britten. Plus ★★ "Night and the City," drama, starring Richard Widmark, Gene Tierney. (Re-release.)

PIAZA.—"The Desert Rats," war drama, starring Richard Burton, James Mason, Robert Newton, Chips Rafferty, Charles Tingwell. Plus "The Kid From Left Field," baseball drama, starring Dan Dailey, Anne Bancroft.

PRINCE EDWARD.—"Shane," technicolor outdoor drama, starring Alan Ladd, Van Heflin, Jean Arthur. Plus featurettes.

8 out of 10

Dentists



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P.40.B

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 30, 1953



Continuing . . . .

## The Romance of Mr. Menafee

from page 3

mandolin and began to play nostalgic airs from the south-land and the three girls sang, but Menafee heard only the voice of Serena.

Warmed by prate and wine, Menafee was close to tears of happiness. Indeed, he felt that only in tears might he find relief from the emotions swelling inside him.

"Well, now," shouted Mr. Will, as he wiped his moustache and pounded his tumbler on the table. "A toast! Here's to trouble passed away. A speech, Menafee!"

"Aye!" cried Shaughnessy raising his glass. "Speech, speech!"

They all raised their glasses and Peter waved his sausage and crowed in anticipation: "Hear, hear!"

Serena's eyes were on Menafee as he stood, stooped in the wagon to reply. His throat and heart were choked and he faced their silence for an instant, unable to speak. Never had there been such a night in his life. Then the tears did come, moistening his eyes and appearing in drops upon his cheek. "All . . . all I can say is—God bless you all!"

Everyone cheered and applauded and shouted and Fiermonte struck resounding fan-fares on his mandolin. Then Menafee said, "I've kept you all up. I must be getting back to Exeter."

Cries of protest drowned him out. "Nonsense . . . We've room. What, sleep in a rotten liddle in town? Won't he of it."

Neddo made himself heard above the uproar. "Peter and Aldo share a kip. I'm the next smallest of the lot. You can do as in with me. I'll see that you get a fair share."

In his heart, Menafee did

not wish to leave them. Peter was looking up at him again, the tempting, pleading look upon his face. The mandolin tinkled a little plaintive tune in minor key, like distant pipes.

"Well, then . . ." he said. Later when they had gone to bed the circus was dark and silent except for the distant night sounds of the city, and, close by, the soft munching and thumping of the horses in their stalls.

Neddo was hunched against the wall of the narrow bunk to give Menafee every inch of space available. Stretched out in the darkness the schoolmaster could hear the regular breathing of the sleeping Tiganis. From the bunk opposite came a rustling movement and the smallest ghost of a whisper.

"Sir, are you sleeping?" Though he could not see, Menafee yet knew that in the darkness a small hand was reaching. He put out his own and encountered the groping fingers, clasped them in his and felt them twine and hold there.

"You . . . you were wonderful, sir. Mightn't we stay just one more day?"

Sights, sounds, sensations, echoes of emotions were playing a reprise through the mind of Menafee. He saw the white faces of the spectators rising tier on tier, heard their roaring laughter—his laughter. Now he could remember clearly the intoxicating sound, how it had swelled like an organ crescendo to reward his curious travail.

He saw Serena poised like eternal Hebe on the wagon steps, and felt once more the soft, light touch of her hand that had guided him to Peter, recapturing the shining of her dark eyes . . .

"Might we?" Peter whispered again.

One day more; sunrise to sunset, and all the love and fullness of heart and mind, the beauty and thrill, the bursting rapture of life that lay between. One more stolen day.

Menafee pressed the hand that lay like a small quiet mouse in his.

"Perhaps . . ." he whispered back.

The hand was withdrawn and in the darkness he heard a long-drawn sigh, followed by a little half-suppressed squeal of joy.

Menafee lay back. The reprise continued its kaleidoscopic march past his shuttered eyes like a full circus pageant. He was led into sleep by a nymph in pink and gold on a chalk-white steed who blew him a kiss, while on ahead flip-flopped and tumbled young Pan, copper-crowned and crowing like a cock to distant, tinkling, irresistible chords of music.

Harry Will's Mammoth Caravan Circus moved slowly, northward, ever northward, up through the heart of England; Bristol, Gloucester, Birmingham, thence northwards again through Derby, Sheffield, and Leeds, travelling the great trunk highways, between mid-night and dawn.

From Leeds, the patient horses turned their heads north by west through Westmorland and began the weary climb into the clear sweet air of the Cumbrian Mountains and the Lake District. It was three months from the time the little show had pitched at Exeter that it approached the market town of Keswick close to Derwent-water.

On the driving-seat of the fifth wagon in the long line of brightly painted travelling homes sat a man and a boy, bareheaded, clad in rough trousers and sweaters.

The man, tanned brown, clear eyes gazing from beneath a fine brow topped by unkempt sandy hair, was driving, the reins loose in his hands, as the horse from long habit plodded with measured gait behind the wagon ahead. The boy, sitting like a monkey, one arm around his feet hunched up beneath him, was munching contentedly on an apple. He was browned, too, and topped by curly, copper-colored hair.

Henry Menafee, straight-backed, strong-armed, filled his lungs with the sparkling air, his face shining with exhilaration. Then as though old worries and thoughts had come to mar the moment, the deep breath came from him in a sigh. He addressed the boy in the manner of one speaking to an equal.

"Peter, Peter . . . How long is this folly to last?"

The boy answered immediately and with a ready eagerness as though the answer had long lain close to his lips.

"In the autumn, sir. When the season's over. We can go back then. I'll work terribly hard, sir, when we go back. It would seem a shame to leave them now."

Menafee sighed again and his eyes drank in the wild wastes and jutting rocks of the mountain lands. In the distance shimmered a deep blue lake. He had no more resistance, but he was sorely troubled. It had gone on thus for many months, ever since that fatal hour when he had yielded to Peter's plea for just one more day.

Beauty in brief:

## Hair-style bulletin

By CAROLYN EARLE

● What's new in spring hair-do's? Profile and taper cuts, bangs, kisscurls are all in the picture. Above all, there is a wispy look about a lot of the new hair-styles. It is achieved by sweeping flat tendrils of hair forward on to the cheek and temple.

For the new profile cut the hair is skilfully cut in sections and worked into a head-hugging cap which permits the wearer to comb it either forward or sweep it up backwards and so achieve a variety of effects.

Longer and definitely feminine, the taper cut is a practical, versatile hair-cut in which the hair is four to five inches long from the crown. It is designed to bring out the natural wave in curly hair, and the flip of a brush converts it into numerous styles.

Today the bang takes many forms. Wear a full bang if you can. Otherwise the kiss-bang, which is no more than thin, finely swirled kisscurls.

The special charm of kiss-bangs is that almost everybody can wear them.

Besides screening a multitude of hairline defects such as narrow or protruding foreheads or a receding hairline, these tendrils of hair soften the line of temple and cheek flatteringly.

Even girls with round faces can wear forehead and cheek kiss-bangs. But they should keep the tendrils on one temple and sweep the hair back on the other side.

For the day had stretched into the week, and the week lengthened into another and another.

In the middle of the first week he had sent his wife a letter saying that he was having difficulty in locating the circus, but hoped to find it soon, and at the week's end another saying he had hoped his search would be crowned with success shortly. Ten days passed and he sent her a card.

He wrote but once more. The dream in which he found himself grew more enchanting day by day and fastened

its chains more tightly about him. In the dream he followed the magic figure of the young Pan who drew him onwards, ever onwards. Or at least so he believed.

Peter, always Peter—pleading, cajoling, planning, teasing another day, another week.

"Look, sir, Uncle George's foot will be better in a fortnight. Then we can go. It wouldn't be fair to leave Mr. Will now," and—"we're going towards Chester, sir. If we stayed a little longer we

To page 47



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By Arthur Mayes

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Continuing . . . .

## The Romance of Mr. Menafee

from page 45

wouldn't have so far to go home.

Or if, because Menafee's conscience was troubling him more than usual and it looked as though he might be adamant about returning to the school, Peter would invent some special occasion to take place in the next town, some kind of gala that made it necessary for the show to be at full strength.

Dream though he would, Menafee knew that his fantastic flight must come to an end even though the parting were to break his heart. And the weaker he was, the longer he put it off, the more difficult it would be to accomplish, the more impossible the explanations when he arrived home.

And so it was understood and agreed that when they reached Sheffield, a scant 76 miles from Chester, Peter and Menafee were to quit the circus.

No explanation was made beyond that Menafee must leave and that Peter had decided to go with him. Nor were any questions asked beyond a bellow of "Trouble!" from Mr. Will. But from the moment of the announcement of their decision, a kind of sadness fell upon the Tigani family. Papa and Mama Tigani had come to look upon Peter as one of their own. Increasing in skill and showmanship each day, he blended more beautifully into the act with each performance and already surpassed Neddo in his accomplishments. And the saddest of them all appeared to be Serena.

It was this that had caused Menafee the deepest pain because he had come to love her as only a lonely, sensitive man can love, silently, secretly, and hopelessly.

Besides her classic beauty she had a heavenly warmth, a radiating kindness, a tenderness for man and beast alike. She looked like an angel and her heart overflowed with human compassion, sympathy, and love. She was as sweet and natural with the poorest ring-boy or stable groom as with the aristocrats of the tent.

Her warmth lay in her smiles, her glances, her friendly words for all and the hundreds of little deeds of thoughtfulness and kindness and consideration with which she managed to fill her day; a cup of hot tea fetched through storm and hail to a shivering rouseabout wrestling with a lashing, time given freely where it might be needed to help with the sewing of a costume, to care for the baby of one of the performers.

The animals of the show were gentle and loving with her. The people of the circus adored her. She was worshipped by Papa and Mama Tigani, and watched over constantly by them and her three brothers.

Kin to the classic ancients they might be, but Menafee found the circus people strict in their morals and stern in the discipline of their lives. The pride of the Tiganis in their children and particularly Serena, as well as their dignity as artists and human beings, was fierce and unbending. No jewel was ever more carefully guarded, more jealously protected than Serena and her sisters.

As a friend of Peter's, Menafee was favored. Often he was invited to eat with them in Papa Tigani's caravan. Or Serena might be allowed to walk to town with him, but always accompanied by one or several of her brothers. They were never far from her.

Once, Menafee had occasion to witness the fierce wrath of the Tigani men. A ring-boy, newly hired, dropped a vulgar aside as Serena passed. The next instant, as though by magic, Papa Tigani and the three brothers, blazing with anger, materialised from out of the shadows. Before even Harry Will could appear with his shout of "Trouble," they had beaten him swiftly and pitched him from the camp.

When Serena worked in the ring, Menafee stood at the entrance curtain and his eyes never left her. Her every movement brought new joy to his heart. Sometimes like a child he wished almost that something would happen that he might rush into the arena and fling himself protectively to be trampled in her stead. He would so gladly have died for her.

He would have died as quickly to protect the secret of his love for her, to conceal the rapture with which her presence filled him. He was

certain that no one knew. He was sure that not even Peter suspected.

But it was Peter who had come to him the night of their departure from Sheffield and stood watching silently while Menafee pressed his belongings into his bag. They were alone in the wagon for the moment. Menafee looked up and saw him standing there staring at nothing.

"Will you be ready, Peter?" he asked.

The boy seemed to be listening as well as looking out into the lot from the caravan door. He turned to Menafee, his face bleak, and said: "Oh, Mr. Menafee, sir, Serena is crying. I heard her when I went by."

Tears from the eyes of Serena! Serena crying! That dear heart hurt. With one simple sentence, Peter had stripped Menafee of every particle of strength and power of will. He stared at Peter, his face, too, bleak and saddened. "She loves you very much, Peter."

The boy stared back without replying and for a curious instant it seemed to Menafee as though his green eyes were full of mystery and old, old knowledge. Then Peter said, his voice as soft with pleading as the distant tones of a shepherd's syrinx. "Must we go then, sir, and make her cry? Must we go?"

Tears from Serena. The hungry heart of an unhappy boy. And the longings of his own heart. He heard himself whispering, "Perhaps in another week she might get more used to the idea of our going . . . Peter! Come back. I did not say . . ."

But Peter was out of the door calling back over his shoulder: "I'm going to tell her," and then he was lost in the darkness of the alley, but Menafee could tell that he was cartwheeling by the sound he made on the turf.

The queer, perverse spirit of Henry Menafee lifted itself and cartwheeling with the boy. His weakness was that he had come to depend upon Peter more and more to allay the pangs of conscience. And yet from this very weakness there had grown a new Menafee, strong in body and stronger yet in love of life and the people with whom he shared hardships and trials.

The work of the circus was hard, brutal, implacable. The performance in the ring, the garnering of laughter and applause was but a part of the toil that fell to the lot of performers in a circus as small as Harry Will's wandering horse-drawn caravan.

Somehow, Menafee had survived those first weeks of torture when, fragile in body and stamina, he had joined the others in the work of dismantling the show, stowing it on the wagons, moving onwards through the night, setting it up anew for the next day's performance.

He learned to battle against the brutal forces of nature, the rain that added tons to the weight of the canvas, the dreaded lightning storms and winds that turned the tents into malevolent masses of potential destruction and violence. The circus was not all spangles and glitter. It was share and share alike for riders, clowns, equilibrists and acrobats, tent boys and grooms.

Side by side they fought heat and cold, dust, blinding rains, and roads turned to quagmires. Time and again they skirted the edges of disaster, fought desperately with the elements that sought to destroy them or hold them back from their appointed destination.

Somehow Menafee kept the secret of his feeble sinews and



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Peggy Simson Curry

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Continuing . . . .

pain-racked muscles, though there were times when he felt that he could not draw another breath or tug another inch on the iron bar of a soggy, wind-tautened rope. And yet all about him in the actions of the others, cursing, sweating, laughing, never yielding, there was a challenge to his pride and person that kept him in the struggle.

As the weeks passed, the aches diminished, wounds healed, sinews tightened, lumps of muscle settled on his arms and legs and frame. His skin, burned by the sun, whipped by wind and rain, tanned and toughened, his spine grew straight, his lungs expanded. He became a man.

It was during that time that Peter became the master and Menafee the pupil. The boy taught him the art of make-up and the lore of the performer. He learned how to fall, how to use movements of primitive pantomime, and how to strengthen his body against the shocks and bruises of tumbling in the ring.

But frequently Menafee was teacher, too. He gathered about him a little group of riders, clowns, acrobats, or it would be better to say they drifted to him, attracted like moths to a light by the aura of knowledge that was a part of Menafee's being and which seemed to shine ever more strongly from his eyes as his body gained in strength and beauty.

Sometimes it was after midnight, when tents and ropes and baggage had been secured and packed away and ready for the morning trek, sitting on the cool ground of a soft summer's night behind the waiting waggon, that he would talk to them as he used to talk to the children in his school, of times past and people who had lived and loved and fought and died in other lands and other ages.

There was no wonder among the circus folk that the new clown who had joined them should be a knowledgeable man and one whose talk could charm the angels. Many of them in their private lives had hobbies, or book learning; some of them were linguists; all had travelled extensively over the world. They were fascinated by his tales and accepted him as he was.

Often when Menafee held forth thus there would be a quiet stir in the shadows, a soft rustling in the vicinity where the Tigani boys lay on the ground piled upon one another, and Menafee would know that Serena had come to join them.

He would barely distinguish the outline of her dress, or the shape of the small head. He could not see her glowing eyes fastened upon him, the soft mouth parted with eagerness, but his heart leaped to her presence.

Away from Chester now, northwards and westwards to the blue strip of Lake Windermere. The red poppies in the hedgerows of the lowlands gave way to the purple heather and grey-green mosses of the Cumbrian hills. Onwards, ever onwards now, come what may.

Menafee was removing his make-up after the afternoon performance at Keswick when Peter, excited, eager as a young puppy, came running to ask: "Shall we visit Derwentwater, sir?"

Ever since they had come to the Lake district they had fallen into the habit of skipping their tea and rest between shows. Instead they went walking to see the purple-heathered moors, the rocky fells, and the blue waters, taking a picnic with them.

"By all means," Menafee replied. "It is the most beautiful of all the lakes."

"Gooooooooooo!" shrilled Peter. "I'll hurry. Serena and

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Neddo want to come, too. I've asked them."

Menafee's heart lifted at the sound of Serena's name, as it always did. To hide his joy he asked, "What about chips, old fellow?"

Peter was swilling in the bucket, but he came out long enough to say, "Serena's packing the food. They've got a veal pie."

There was a hint of rain to come in a sun slashing downwards towards a dark boiling of thunderclouds gathered on the western horizon, as the four made their way out of Keswick to the south and climbed through the dark, fragrant woods to the top of Castlehead and came upon the wild view of Derwentwater.

From the banks of the shimmering deep blue surface rose dark, wooded crags like empty ruins of pagan temples against a background of verdant hills and purpling mountains. Green islets ribbed with black rock floated on the dark blue expanse. Beyond to the south, the conical stone of Castle Crag reared its frowning head like a feudal keep, barring the exit from the wilderness.

The girl at Menafee's side was like a wood dryad. The fragrance of her dark hair was the perfume of moss and herbs and the little flowers that lifted their faces from the crevices of the rocks. She had the gift of transferring her beauty to her clothes. The simple skirt and loose-cut blouse she wore flowed about her young figure and became a part of her. The climb, the sweet air, and the joy in her heart at the scene beneath her eyes had gently colored the clear white skin of her cheeks and throat.

As Menafee moved beside her, reality claimed him, his mind was fogged and bewitched with beauty while his heart was swelled to bursting with joy and longing.

They rested in a glade by the rocky brink of Castlehead with the wide blue waters spread at their feet; Serena sang softly, a song without words that welled spontaneously from her heart.

Apollo and Pan began to climb the pinnacles of jutting rock beside them, red Pan leading, the dark boy following, and Pan's shrill cries and laughter awakened the echoes of the mountain valley, until the two vanished from sight around the tall escarpment that lured their skill.

Serena and Menafee stood side by side as sun and storm clouds met, plunging the rugged valley into semi-gloom pierced by rays and shafts of unearthly light. For the first time they were alone, except for the echoing laughter that hovered about them, and they turned to each other.

It seemed to Menafee that they had come there to meet alone in this weird, bewitching scene as though by appointment through long centuries, to a cosmic rendezvous at the edge of the world.

Without a word, with a movement as simple and mysterious and beautiful as all nature spread before them, they came into each other's arms. For a moment, Menafee held Serena there, feeling her tremble, and trembling himself from the sweetness and perfection of their spontaneous union. Then as her face lifted to his slowly, as a flower turns to and seeks the sun, their lips met.

Swept free of all resolve by the ecstasy of the moment, the love that Menafee had so long kept pent and unspoken within him proclaimed itself in their kiss. And from her young, tender mouth came the reply to his love in equal measure.

Love replied to love in silent union; asked and answered

were was the tremulous question that hovered between them; exchanged in unbearable sweetness were the promises: sealed into eternity was the pledge of their love.

His soul winging, Menafee looked deeply into Serena's eyes, and in their dark pools saw mirrored there what he had not ever hoped for, had not ever considered possible—love answering to love.

A stone, dislodged, came clicking down a crag and landed sharply at their feet. A voice cried, "Oh!"

They did not fly apart, but still clinging, turned their heads and looked upwards. Neddo and Peter were there, pinned to the side rocks like two young fauns, staring wide-eyed; Neddo with a glance first startled, then curiously benign. Peter's eyes were screwed up with joy until they vanished in their slits.

They descended. Menafee and Serena stood apart now, but with their arms still about each other's waists. All color had left Serena's face and with her dark eyes filled with tears held back, she regarded her brother.

Neddo came to them. He was sixteen, the youngest boy, but he moved clothed in a curious kind of dignity. He held out his hand to Menafee and said simply, "Welcome to our family, sir . . ."

The words, sincere, artless, embracing in their meaning, seemed a revelation of things long known and watched and silently approved; of situations discussed and conclusions reached, a story of a family that has seen the coming of love to a treasured daughter and has in advance approved the object of her affections.

Only then did the tears flow freely from Serena's eyes. She threw herself into her brother's arms and clung there for a moment sobbing, "Oh Neddo, Neddo! I am so happy . . ."

The sun hurled a last corona of glory skyward from behind the gathering storm clouds,

tipping the dark crags with gold, fringing the thunderheads with silver.

From Peter burst a banister howl of joy that went flying down the lake to Castle Crag, gathering up every wild echo on its way, as he flung himself upon Menafee, like a little monkey, clinging and hugging him with all his might. When at last relinquished him, he dropped to the ground in front of him, his fresh young face looking up at Menafee, radiant with childish delight.

"Jiggers!" he cried. "Now you'll never leave us . . ."

It was only on the homeward path, Serena at his side, her face upturned to his, Neddo and Peter running on ahead, that the first twinges of remorse and horror at what he had done crept upwards from the depths of Menafee, gnawing away the pure happiness that had come to him, chilling his blood, causing the cold sweat to start from his lip and brow, sickening him with himself.

What had he done? This was no more a dream.

The first cold raindrops spattered thought the leaves. But colder was the icy, drenching truth that poured over him. He loved the slender girl at his side until he thought his heart would burst. From her lips and her eyes had flowed the miracle of love for him. No word had been spoken between them, but they were promised. There would be none but each other until they died. Now they belonged to each other. Now.

But what was that other terrible truth? Who walked that downward path—Menafee, the showman, the circus Auguste and his circus queen bride-to-be, or Henry Menafee, pedagogue, headmaster of Chisholm Manor School, teacher of Greek and Latin, husband?

Husband! The thought-word squeezed his heart like the hands of an iron vice. He was a fake, a cheat, a villain. He was not of these people. He was a married man, a self-

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 30, 1953



# OUR NEW TRANSFER SERVICE



GAY FIGURES OF CHILDREN AND ANIMALS from our "Down on the Farm" embroidery transfer No. 145 are seen in these three pictures. Transfer sheet, 24in. x 28in., with over 40 designs for children's wear, is available from our Needlework Department. Price, 2/-.

## Gay embroideries for your spring sewing

This week we introduce the first of a series of fascinating transfers of designs for embroidering on clothes and household linen. The transfers are obtainable from our Needlework Department.

NEW designs will be available in a week or two, each sheet giving dozens of

motifs and sprays suitable for quick, effective embroidery.

On the envelope in which each transfer sheet is enclosed are suggestions for color schemes and uses for the designs. Each sheet measures 24 x 48 inches.

Illustrations on this page are taken from the envelopes. As well, examples worked from the transfers are shown.

Here are the details:

No. 145.—Down on the Farm: There are more than 40 motifs on this sheet, including a plump, frisky pony, a puppy in a cart, ducklings swimming in a pond, a dove with hollyhocks, and a Dutch windmill. Transfer, 2/-.

No. 208.—Perennial Poppy: There are more than 30 sprays and designs in this sheet for embroidering on table linens, traycloths, towels, aprons, or curtains. Transfer, 2/-.

No. 143.—Baby's Layette: As well as pretty sprays which can be embroidered on baby's clothes simply and quickly, there are patterns for the baby's dress, bonnet, bib, sunsuit, petticoat, and matinee jacket, as illustrated at the lower left. Patterns, 2/-; Transfer, 2/-; Postage free.

Orders should be sent to our Needlework Department, enclosing price of transfers required. For address see page 39.



BABY'S FROCK embroidered in a design from one of the transfers on the baby's layette sheet (top) No. 143. Other suggestions for using the designs are shown in the illustration from the envelope, immediately above. Patterns cost 2/-; transfers are 2/-.



PERENNIAL POPPY, No. 208. Here are some ideas for using this pretty and colorful motif by embroidering it on household linen. Thirty sprays are included on the transfer sheet. Price, 2/-; At the top right is the design worked on a piece of linen.



mindful schoolmaster on a stolen holiday, a fraud and a scoundrel. What would he do? What would he become of Serena, of him, of the truth and beauty of their love?

"Menafee and Serena are betrothed. Menafee and Serena! Serena and Menafee!"

The little circus seemed to sing with the news. It spread from waggon to waggon, to the grooms in the stables and the menagerie men, the tent men and rousabouts sweating the tent ropes taut in the gathering rain, to the ticket booths and the property tent.

"Love . . . love has come to two of our own. They love. They love. They have found each other. They are to be married. We saw it happening all the time. How dear and happy she looks. What a splendid chap he is and mad about her . . ."

In the alley between the painted, dripping waggons, the tortured Menafee encountered Papa Tigani on his way to dress. The two men faced each other silently for a moment, oddly paired, Menafee, straight, tall, powerful now, with the muscles that had filled out his spare figure, the riding master short, squat, moonfaced, the usually bristling black moustaches sad and soggy with the

Continuing . . .

rain that pelted them from the black sky.

His eyes were dark, too, and Menafee could see in the light reflected from the main tent that there was a kind of odd pathos in them and that they were luminous with question as they gazed at him.

Menafee thought that he would die. Papa Tigani, however, spoke no word. His throat seemed to be working under some emotion that would not let him speak. Instead, he held out his hand, and, when Menafee took it, pressed it, and then, releasing it, he enfolded Menafee in his arms for an instant, turned away and went on. In his way, he had expressed approval, too, and welcomed Menafee to his family.

"What have I done? What am I to do? I love her!" Thoughts, words, fears, shame, and exultation, too, struggled within Menafee as he trudged on. "Serena loves me . . . Serena loves me . . . Serena loves me . . ."

He passed his own waggon home on his way to Shaughnessy's caravan, where he kept his costume and make-up. The door was open. Neddo caught

## The Romance of Mr. Menafee

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sight of him and whispered, "Hi, brother . . ."

Other faces appeared, Aldo and Fiermonte . . .

"Allo, brother!"

"Brother!"

Brother! What would they say?, what would they feel?, what would they do if they knew the truth, all of them? Papa and Mama Tigani—and Serena, who had given him her love, all of them who had given him so freely of their trust.

He stumbled on in the wet, muddy darkness blinded by the terrors of his thoughts. Somehow he must go on until the show was over. He must dress and paint and enter the arena. He must not give himself away yet, for the sake of Serena. Some way might yet be found, some solution.

That night as he stood in the yard tent awaiting the cue for his entry, a prey to care and remorse, the Tigani as always came in to await their turn. They came in beauty and the radiance brought by love and contentment.

Loveliest and most radiant of all was Serena. Love and

joy like a soft veil about her head. Lighter than thistle-down, she perched on the side of Marquita's pure white resined back, her head bent demurely, her arms lightly folded over her heart, conscious of the presence of her loved one, tenderly proud in the loving glances of all the circus folk gathered there.

She had made herself more than beautiful for him, with rosebuds in her hair. As Menafee looked up their eyes met, and clung and melted as in their kiss and once more exchanged the telling of their love. Behind her Peter was standing upright on the haunches of the big dapple-grey gazing down upon them both, it seemed to Menafee, almost in benediction. His senses swam.

Not reason but Pan reigned here again, the living Pan whom he had followed faithfully to freedom and to love. In a heart so full as his, in eyes so drunk with beauty there was for that moment no room for regret or self-condemnation. The dream was still there and he a part of it. It would never end.

The music changed, the whistle piped, the acrobats came off through the blue curtain. Serena blew him a kiss with her fingertips. Menafee, singing, made his entry.

The audience laughed at once, their shrieks drowning the drumming of the pelting rain on the taut canvas, and the rumble of thunder. Menafee ran a little and then stopped and pantomimed the fear of looking back. Under the tutelage of Peter and Shaughnessy, he had improved the little act. His time in the arena had been extended.

Menafee now slowly turned

his head, letting his eyes wander past the faces of the spectators, until he should catch sight of the crocodile lurking behind him.

He saw the familiar vista, the open mouths, the screwed-up eyes, the happy grins, the squealing children. But on one face among them there was no laughter. It caught Menafee's eyes and held them; for it stood out black and barren.

Rigid from shock, his heart frozen to a lump of ice, Menafee found himself staring into the heavy, frowning face of George Bothenford, the solid merchant of Chester.

Bothenford! Peter's uncle! Solid, uncompromising, grim, glaring at him like a gorgon. For the moment Menafee forgot the masque that hid him, the power of his disguise. How had Bothenford found him? Then as the expression on the merchant's face remained unchanged he knew that he was unrecognised, that it was for Peter he was searching.

Laughter had died away as the tempo of the comedy was broken. Vainly fighting off the clutch of terror, Menafee continued the act in a dream. At last, freed from the hypnotic gaze of Bothenford, one moment of clarity returned. Peter! He must warn him at once. Peter must not go on that night. They could hide. If Bothenford did not see him in the ring, he might depart after a few inquiries. Yes, yes, run to warn Peter.

Like a mockery, the laughter followed him as he gathered speed, the heavy croc bouncing behind him, but he ran only the faster. He must reach the yard in time.

Too late! Time, inexorable in circus schedule, had passed its limit. He had paused too

long. Even as he hurled himself at the exit, the red curtain was lifted, the music changed, and the three Tigani boys standing on the dapple-grey, with Peter balanced on their shoulders, entered the ring.

On they came, the two younger girls on the black pony, Mama Tigani, stout and beaming, Papa Tigani cracking his heavy whip like pistol shots, last, Serena floating on Marquita, acknowledging the cheers, blowing kisses to the audience, swiftly and deftly tossing one more to her beloved as she passed.

Kisses from Serena, and out there in the tent waited catastrophe. Shaken, standing there in the entry yard, a thousand plans charged through Menafee's mind. But he could not move. Memory of the solid, menacing, inevitable presence of the man who sat outside robbed him of strength and will and the power to act. He could only plan and discard and plan again.

And all the time through the slit in the curtain, he was watching the Tigani leaping, floating, swaying, riding. There was Serena now, balanced like a golden-winged dragonfly on the bobbing white.

He stared, his throat constricted. And through all of his panic, his fears and his desperation there came the bitter thought, more than a thought it seemed, in its intensity, the certainty that he was watching them for the last time.

The act drew near its climax and the end of the circus. Ring boys were rushing props from the yard tent to the waggons. The circus was moving northwards again early in the morning, northwards to Carlisle. From without, Menafee suddenly heard the familiar bull-like bellow: "Trouble!"

The canvas flap that led to

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### IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By RUD

## WANT CHILDREN'S CLOTHES TO LAST LONGER?

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Mother of 2

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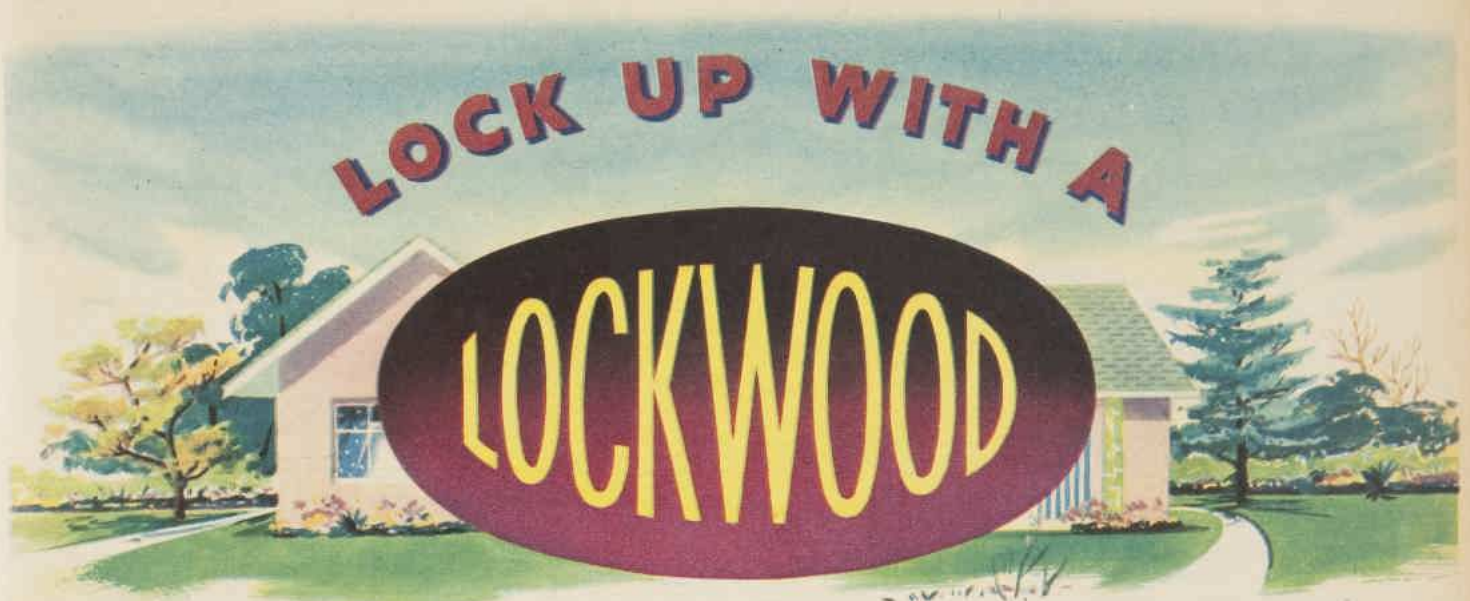


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Continuing . . . .

the outside was thrown violently back as two men came into the yard. Mr. Will in a bright yellow oilskin and George Bothenford. Both were angry. Neither paid attention to the ragged clown at the ring entrance.

"Always trouble!" cried Mr. Will. "Now wot's all this about? The lad came back here of his own free will. He's drawing pay. You can't have no law on me."

Bothenford planted himself squarely across the opening. "Fetch me the boy," he ordered. He was hard with indignation, swollen with the success of his quest. His solid figure blocking the opening seemed to Menafee like the closing of the last avenue of escape.

From the arena came cheers and a thunderous burst of applause and then the strains of the "National Anthem," Mr. Will. Bothenford, the rouseabouts all stood silent. To Menafee it was that last pause, that quivering of time and space that precedes a final catastrophe.

A chord. A cheer. The music ended. Heavy hoofs drummed close. The red drapes swung inwards, the Tiganis came bursting through, flushed, panting from their exertions, still full of the fire and excitement of their performance, chattering and laughing.

But something about the attitude of Mr. Will and the stranger barring the exit brought them to an uneasy silence, made them pause and look at one another. Serena slid lightly to the ground, leaving Peter an unobstructed view. The boy saw Mr. Bothenford, who at the same moment raised his arm and pointed.

"Liggers!" cried Peter in a frightened, small-boy voice that reached to Menafee's heart. "That's torn it."

"You," said George Bothenford, in the measured tones of one who has carefully rehearsed a speech against the moment when it might be called for, "are a wretched boy. I tried to make a gentleman of you. You wilfully persist in this foolery."

"Uncle George, sir," said Peter softly and earnestly, "the school year was over. I didn't mean any harm. I didn't, sir."

The Tiganis, the prop men, the waiting grooms came to fetch the horses, stared at the queer, lonely little figure of the boy huddled on the horse like a repentant Puck perched atop the world and looked from him to the accusing, menacing figure of the man, the outsider, the Gajo who had dared their world. The fingers of the three Tiganis boys worked into the hard knots of iron fists.

While Bothenford's accusations filled the little yard, Menafee moved away from the red

# The Romance of Mr. Menafee

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curtain, until he stood next to Peter at the horse's haunches.

"Meant no harm, eh. It's harm enough you've done. Wasted my money. A hundred and forty pounds paid out for your learning. Brought sorrow to the wife of Headmaster Menafee. For three months she's had no word from him while he has searched for you." He advanced a few steps and raised a heavy, accusing finger.

"You've brought trouble and misery to good, honest folk, while you go gallivanting with a lot of thieving gipsies. You're a wicked, dishonest lad, and shall be punished for . . ."

Now that the walls were crumbling, the earth shaking beneath his feet, the catastrophe shaping itself, a curious calm fell upon Henry Menafee. He was aware of the stir among the Tiganis, the bewilderment in the child-like eyes of Mr. Will, and the sudden pallor that had come to the cheeks of Serena standing next to her mother, the puzzled apprehension that played in her eyes as she glanced from one to the other.

Fear had gone from Menafee. Disaster rolled about him like a dying thunder without, and he went forward to meet it. "Wait, George Bothenford," he said. "Don't blame the boy. It was no fault of his. The fault is all mine."

Bothenford turned his massive head towards Menafee, his eyes filled with contempt. "And who the devil are you?" he inquired. "I'll thank you to keep out of this."

Menafee had forgotten the mask that concealed him, but now he remembered it. With one hand he pulled off the red wig and let it fall to the ground. With the sleeve of his coat he wiped at the grease paint that covered his features until the unmistakable semblance of Henry Menafee showed through. For a moment there was no sound but the drumming of rain on canvas.

"I'm Headmaster Menafee. Peter is not to blame. I am."

"The devil!" said Bothenford, shocked into doubting his eyes.

"Here's bad trouble!" said Mr. Will, bitterly.

Menafee was conscious of a stir through the tent. Neddo, Aldo, and Fiermonte Tiganis had drawn together in a little knot. An ominous red was creeping into the round face of Papa Tiganis.

"Headmaster Menafee!" said Bothenford. "What is the meaning of this ridiculous masquerade? Have you gone out of your senses, sir? You, the headmaster of Chisholm Manor School playing the clown with a pack of mountebanks? Are you aware that your wife is about to apply to the police because of your absence?"

"We were going home soon,

at the end of summer. . . . Menafee said because it struck him as being true and that only with truth could he shrive himself. He felt Serena's eyes upon him, but could not bring himself to look at her.

"Pah!" stormed Bothenford. "Your wits have left you. You've taken my money under false representation. You will hear from my solicitors. Peter, fetch your clothes. We are leaving at once."

"Oh, no, no! I can't, sir. I won't!" Peter slipped down the side of the horse and flung his arms about Menafee, and looked up into his face wildly like a frightened monkey. "I won't leave you, sir. I'll never leave you. Don't let him take me."

Bothenford's heavy gorge of outrage was rising. "Peter, it's your last chance. Either . . ."

"No—no—no!" Peter's voice rose in a kind of scream. "I'll run away again. I'll run away every time."

It was Fiermonte Tiganis, a curiously set look tightening his olive skin, who removed Peter's arms from about Menafee.

"No—no," cried Peter again. "Don't make me go with him. I want to stay here. I don't want to leave you."

Bothenford came to a decision. He clapped his hat upon his head.

"Very well, I wash my hands of you. You're no Bothenford. Your father was a scoundrel. You've got his blood. I've tried to do my duty for your mother's sake. Once a gipsy, always a gipsy. I have done with you. Never let me see or hear of you again." He turned to Menafee: "As for you, sir, wash your face and go home to your wife. You will hear from my solicitors." He stamped out into the rain.

There was a moment of strange waiting, a heavy silence of forces gathering themselves.

"So," said Mr. Will, "ye've brought trouble to my show. Ye're not one of us at all."

"Gajo," Fiermonte spat out the word.

"Let him talk," said Neddo.

The scar on Aldo's neck was livid. He held the arm of the trembling Peter and snarled, "Quick! What you 'ave got to say?"

Menafee looked silently from one to the other of these people who had become a part of his heart and read the contempt

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ENGLISH

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 30, 1953

## FOR THE CHILDREN





Continuing . . . .

## The Romance of Mr. Menafee

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and deadly anger in their faces. With one look they had cast him out forever.

Only Serena, shocked, bewildered, called to him, her voice a cry of anguish: "Henry — Henry! What has happened? It can't be true . . ."

Papa Tigani stepped forward. In his tall coat and white tie and top hat he had a sudden kind of nightmarish quality, for every drop of blood was drained from his face, and there were beads of sweat on the dark, drained, empty skin.

Menafee could see that he was trembling. He could see everything quite clearly now in those final moments of black disaster, even as Papa Tigani said something in Italian to Serena and pushed her aside. Now he stood a few feet away, confronting Menafee.

"You are married man?" Papa Tigani inquired softly. "Yes," said Henry Menafee. "God forgive me, I am . . ."

He saw Papa Tigani draw back his arm to its full length, the arm that held the heavy whip he used in the arena; there was a whistling hiss, a splitting crack, and across Menafee's face there seared a lightning flash of fire and a blinding pang and about him

all the world collapsed, in screams, in pain, and deadly shame.

Again and again the black arm flashed and the lash whistled and stung his face, his head, his shoulders, and his body, he was battered and hemmed in by the deadly throng, and yet through the first terrible moments the dreadful scene was clear. He heard the awful cry of Serena: "No — no — I love him . . ." and the screams of Peter struggling like a wild animal in Aldo's arms.

He saw Mr. Will lumbering towards him and heard him bawl. "Nunti, Tigani, you hear? Ye'll get us all in trouble. Have done," and was aware that Fiermonte had thrown his shoulder to bar the path and was snarling, "Keep out, Will. He 'ave stole the honor of our family. He deserve to die . . ."

Again and again, the lash bit and cut and tore, until all the manhood that had grown in him those past months rose in wrath against the shame and humiliation of being whipped like a dog and he summoned strength to fly at his tormentor.

But his cry of rage died in his throat. Swaying and rocking from the blows, he saw Serena crumple to the ground,

her weeping sisters and her mother gathered about her. This was her father, this man who was killing him. This was punishment for wrong that had been done his child. Not fear but conscience held Menafee back.

Now there was a roaring in his ears and his eyes were blinded so that he could no longer see. He heard Fiermonte saying to his brothers, "Take the boy to the waggon. See that he doesn't get away . . ." and then he heard Peter no more.

His brain, his body, his senses, and his nerves were aflame with pain that came hissing out of the darkness. For an instant as he fell forward he felt the damp turf upon his swollen face. A moment later he lost consciousness.

IT was many hours later that the cold, relentless rain brought Menafee round. The flaming red had gone from before his eyes. There was a kind of greyness there. He could not see. To move his arm was a wrenching agony, but he touched his face. It was wet and raw. His eyes were swollen, closed.

Somehow Menafee managed to sit up. He pried an eyelid open. Sick, dizzy, bruised beyond endurance, he looked about him. He was alone and yet there was something familiar about the land. It was churned and muddy and all about were deep ruts and wagon tracks.

Then Menafee knew. He had lain where he had fallen. From over him and from all about him, the circus had folded its tents once more, bag and baggage and led stock, and had taken the road to the north. Shivering, trembling, Menafee dragged himself to his knees, and looked northward past some stone cottages, to the distant mountain gap where the dark road twisted through the pass.

"Peter — Serena . . ." he mumbled through his swollen lips, and then — "Goodbye, Peter . . ."

He thought perhaps if he looked hard enough he might catch a last glimpse of the caravans with their crooked stove-pipe chimneys winding their gentle way. But there was nothing on the road, there was nothing left but rain and the hills and the dreadful gaping wound upon his memory.

From Keswick a matin bell tolled in the stillness. Slowly Henry Menafee raised himself to his feet and set himself on the road to the village, to begin to meet and face the punishments that were yet to come . . .

One of the tales that will be told and retold in England of the winter blitz of 1940-41 will be that of Bobo, the South American clown who came to England early in 1937 to score a phenomenal success in the circus. When the blitz struck, he abandoned the ring and the

music-halls and returned to the children of England and gave to them his love, his career, and very nearly his life.

London, Plymouth, Hull, Manchester, Leeds, Coventry, wherever the bombs fell and the fire flamed, wherever little children shivered and moaned under the tragedy that was falling upon them from out of the sky, there appeared Bobo to sing them his rollicking little songs, to dance for them, to hold them in his arms and bring them peace and calm and comfort.

In the years to come, men and women, grown to maturity, will remember the sweet grotesque figure with the queer blue wig, the goggle eyes, and the enormous painted smile, who came stalking through the smoking ruins crying: "Cheerio, all! Here we are again. Let's have a song!"

He wore clown white on his face, scarlet painted, and came clad in parti-colored satins of different gay hues with enormous puff buttons down the front, and great slippers on his feet. He looked like a child's toy come to life, and, indeed, he was, part pierrot, part goliwog, part the heart's dream of every child.

None knew whence he came, or where he went when his work was done. He followed the bombs and the devastation they brought, through village and town and city. Through the ruined and littered streets, past the shattered, smoking buildings would come the queer, gay figure.

His name became a kind of watchword. A mother's whispered, "Hush, darling, don't cry. Perhaps Bobo will come." It was enough sometimes to bring calm and quiet to shattered nerves.

He was something of a mystery at first. There were stories in the newspapers reviewing how one of the world scouts of a famous circus had seen him performing in a little show travelling through South America and had engaged him for a London performance.

And who would have cared, who, beyond certain hearts, would have been stirred to know that under the enchanting mask of Bobo, the friend of hurt and frightened children, there lived a man once known as Henry Menafee?

It was several weeks after that terrible night in the Cumberland Hills before Menafee was well enough to return home to Chester. And, during those days, his soul shrivelled because of the memories that haunted him.

He returned at last to Chisholm Manor School and found the door shut in his face, a face that still bore the scars of his whipping at the hands of Papa Tigani.

Menafee never saw his wife. The porter at the gatehouse had his orders and refused to permit him on the grounds. Menafee's belongings had been packed and sent to the inn at nearby Eccleston. Part of what had happened became clear from the porter's talk. Mr.

To page 55



"Why shouldn't there be rice in it? The last time we went any place was on our honeymoon."

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Continuing . . . .

## The Romance of Mr. Menafee

from page 53

Bothenford had become a frequent visitor.

Menafee went to the inn and took a room and sat there staring at the walls, sick in body and mortally hurt in spirit. Among his effects he had come across the little bronze Pan he had found in the ruins of the Roman encampment outside Chester. There it was, as it had always been, impudent, grinning, vibrant with the life breathed into it by the long-dead artist who had created it.

He had drawn back his arm to hurl the cursed thing through the open window. But he did not complete the action. Instead, he placed it in his pocket, where he could feel its weight and hardness, so that it would be there ever as a reminder of the folly and danger of dreams.

A week later he sailed from Southampton for South America, fleeing from England, beginning the long, hopeless flight from Henry Menafee and his memories.

He went away from England because somewhere in the land would be the two people he loved. It was as though by going far away he could rob the memory of some of its sting.

He had betrayed Serena. She and Peter had been witnesses to his terrible punishment. Menafee felt that nothing but contempt for him could remain in their hearts. He had failed them in every way. The revulsion he felt for himself must be shared by them, he was convinced.

There was nothing to hold him to England. His career as a scholar was ended. Menafee would have returned to the duty he owed his wife. It was she who ended a loveless marriage of her own devising. There had never been softness or understanding in Agnes. Perhaps she would divorce him, purge him from her life as well as her memory, perhaps not. It did not much matter. By going away things would be made easier for her, too.

South America was hard on Henry Menafee, flotsam of the collision of two worlds. In strange countries of strange customs, he had no profession, no skills, though he learned the language quickly. When his money gave out, he did what he could with his hands and muscles. He wandered, drifting lower and lower in the scale.

Menafee came close to starving to death in Guayaquil. He could find no work. Dirty, ragged, weak with hunger, he sat near the Customs quay and watched the unloading of a large green-and-black funnelled liner anchored in the Guayas river. His eyes took in the teeming river traffic, lighters and bumboats, canoes and tropical river craft. But in his mind he saw only Peter and Serena, and then, as always, came the black recollection of that final night in Keswick.

A lighter, heavily laden, pulled away from the black side of the steamer and puffed in towards the docks. The sunlight glinted from red waggons painted with gold that stood side by side on the flat deck. Soon the lighter was close to shore, close enough for Menafee to read the legend: "GREENE & HADLEY'S CIRCO AMERICANO."

He stared. Something about the gay waggons, the horses grouped together at one end brought a sudden lift to his soul, a kind of excitement that overcame his bitter associations. Memories or no, the sight of a circus presented a chance to eat, perhaps to survive.

That night he went around behind the broad white Plaza San Martin, where the American circus had raised its top, and asked for a job. A stout man, sweating in shirt-sleeves with a handkerchief round his neck, regarded him with a hard eye.

"Got all the labor we need. What's your line?"

Old phrases, things remembered from his days with Will's Caravan Circus, came to Menafee. He said, "Jockey!"

"Oh yeah? Been in the business, eh? What name?"

The South Americans had a word for fool. "El Bobo," Menafee replied.

"Can't place it. What's your trouble, likker?"

"No."

"Hmp! Just on the beach, eh? Go over to the cook tent and get yourself a meal. Tell 'em Ed Greene said it was okay. Look me up afterwards. Maybe we can find a spot for you."

One of the clowns in the alley donated a pierrot suit and an old, blue, stiff-haired wig. Menafee tried to think back upon all the things Peter had taught him about make-up during those days when they had wandered the long, dusty English highways. What was there he could do?

He handled the bushy, queerly colored wig and sud-

denly it reminded him of a child's doll he had seen in a shop window one day while walking with Peter, a doll with blue hair, staring eyes, and smiling face. Conscious that the clowns in the dressing-tent were watching him, he went to work with the jar of white and grease paint, his hands trembling a little at first, and re-created the doll from memory.

When it was done and the creature stared back at him, a curious change seemed to take place in Menafee. It was almost as though somehow he had managed for the moment to elude the pursuing demon of his other self. He was no longer Menafee but El Bobo. The call to the arena came before the mood could pass.

He was stiff and awkward, and his tumblers clumsy, but somehow the stiffness added to the picture of the walking doll. He had had no time to think out business, so he halted in front of a box full of brown-faced, black-eyed children and sang in Spanish in a cracked voice a little song he had learned from a Cuban negro on the rocks at Belem:

"Negro, Negro, Negro!

Do not be sad.

Lift up your head, roll your eyes, show your white teeth . . .

All little children love you . . ."

And from the box came the laughter of the children and it brought to the bitter heart of Henry Menafee the first swift pang of happiness that he had known since England. Afterwards Ed Greene had said, "Maybe it ain't such a bad idea to give 'em some of their own lingo. You can stay on if you behave yourself."

There began a new life for Henry Menafee, a life dedicated to work and the creation of laughter. For in the staid and difficult task of this creation he found forgetfulness.

He worked like a madman, learning again the complicated, exhausting, arduous profession of clowning.

Through sheer tenacity he overcame the handicap of maturity and forced his body to his will until he could leap and tumble and flip-flap, turn back somersaults, and swing from the horizontal bar. He acquired limberness and soft grace of movement.

When his body was too exhausted to continue, he spent his hours of needed rest seated before a mirror endlessly practicing and studying pantomime, gestures, expressions, improving his make-up, changing, eliminating, simplifying it. He learned to play the guitar, to sing and to write little topical songs that would delight the hearts of the children.

He was a child's toy, brought in in a gigantic box, unwrapped and left there to come to life, the dream doll who existed in the fantasy world of every child in every land. He reached their hearts with sly sweetness and endearing movements.

It was in this way that Bobo made good his escape from Henry Menafee.

Greene & Hadley's Circo Americano wandered over South America, where the seasons are eternal. As the months went by, the fame of El Bobo began to precede him. Crowds grew larger, the take richer. Bobo's time, wages, and billing were increased.

By the time they came to Buenos Aires, Bobo was the sensation of the show, the star of the circus. The legend on wag-

To page 60

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More and more housewives, every day, are turning to clever, versatile

**MAXAM BAKEO**  
PASTRY MIXTURE

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THE APPETISING dinner menu, above, is planned for two people, but the recipes may be doubled or trebled for larger numbers. Dishes include potato chowder, grilled chops and sausages with tomato and pineapple, potatoes, peas, and chocolate cream pudding.

## A Twosome

● Here's a special little dinner planned for two. The food is first-class, but simple enough for a bride to try.

BY OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

THE biggest problem to be overcome when cooking for two is "how much shall I prepare?"

If too small a quantity is prepared, flavor and appearance suffer and the food is hard to handle. Preparation of too large a quantity often leads to waste.

The number of chops, sausages, kidney, or fish, and the quantity of steak to be grilled must be carefully gauged, because once meat or fish has been grilled it cannot be reheated without spoiling. Grills must be eaten piping hot and freshly cooked.

Soups, stews, and casseroles may be reheated and served a second time without any loss of flavor or nutriment, so if too much has been prepared for one meal full use can be made of it.

Vegetables are another matter—twice-cooked vegetables have about as much food value as cotton-wool, so it is best to prepare only the quantity required for the meal.

Quantities in the following recipes are ample for two rather hearty appetites. For smaller appetites the main course could be reduced slightly or either the soup or sweet omitted.

Spoon measurements in all our recipes refer to level spoons.

### POTATO CHOWDER

Three medium-sized potatoes, 3 medium-sized onions, 2 sticks celery, 1 teaspoon salt, pepper, 2 cups water, 4 pint milk, 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute, 3 dessertspoons flour, chopped chives, grated cheese.

Peel potatoes and onions, cut up roughly, cut celery into dice. Place in saucepan with

water, salt, and pepper, cover closely, and simmer until vegetables are quite soft, about 30 to 40 minutes, or pressure cook 15 minutes. Rub through a coarse strainer. Return to saucepan with flour blended with some of the milk, add butter or substitute and balance of milk; stir until boiling. Simmer 3 minutes, stirring all the time. Serve piping hot, sprinkling each serving with chopped chives and grated cheese.

### MIXED GRILL

Two sausages, 2 short- loin chops, 2 small tomatoes, 2 thin slices pineapple, 2 rashers bacon, salt, pepper, parsley.

Prick sausages well with a fork. Carefully remove skin from chops (or leave skin on if preferred); keep tails of chops curled neatly and secure with cocktail sticks to preserve shape during cooking. Wash and dry tomatoes, cut in halves, sprinkle cut surface lightly with salt and pepper. Place sausages and chops on hot grilling tray under red-hot grillers bars. Cook steadily 8 to 10 minutes, turning several times. The first time the meat is turned place tomato halves and pineapple slices on grillers bars. The next time the meat is turned, turn

the pineapple slices but not the tomatoes—they are cooked without being turned.

When sausages are cooked and chops nearly done remove sausages from grillers bars. Wrap each sausage in a rasher of bacon from which rind has been removed, secure with a cocktail stick. Return to grill and continue cooking until bacon fat is clear. Remove cocktail sticks from sausages and chops, serve at once on heated dish with tomato halves, pineapple slices, minted new potatoes, and green peas. Garnish with parsley.

### MINTED NEW POTATOES

Four small new potatoes, 1 teaspoon melted butter or substitute, 1 dessertspoon chopped fresh mint, salt, pepper.

Scrub potatoes, leave unpeeled. Drop into boiling salted water to cover, cook gently 15 to 20 minutes according to size. Carefully remove skins. Mix melted butter and chopped mint, season with pepper. Place potatoes in small saucepan with the butter-mint mixture, toss lightly over low heat until potatoes are coated.

### MENU

Potato chowder  
Mixed grill, grilled tomato and pineapple  
Minted new potatoes, green peas  
Chocolate cream pudding  
Coffee

### CHOCOLATE CREAM PUDDING

Two tablespoons butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons flour, 1

cups milk, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2oz. dark chocolate, 1 scant teaspoon coffee essence, 4 teaspoon vanilla, 1 egg, cream, cherries.

Melt butter or substitute in small saucepan, add flour. Cook 2 or 3 minutes over low heat, stirring constantly, but do not allow to brown. Stir in milk all at once, then add sugar, grated chocolate, and coffee essence. Continue stirring until boiling. Remove from heat, beat in egg-yolk, cook 2 or 3 minutes longer, but do not allow to boil again. Cool slightly, fold in stiffly beaten egg-white and vanilla, chill. Just before serving, top with whipped cream and decorate with cherries or chopped nuts.

Note: If liked, a delicious flavor may be given to the sweet by adding 1 or 2 teaspoons rum when the egg-white is folded in. The whipped cream may be omitted and a scoop of ice-cream added to each serving.

### FLUFFY LEMON PIE

(This may be served in place of chocolate cream pudding if preferred.)

One cooked and cooled 7in. pastry-case, 1 cup water, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon corn-flour, 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute, 2 eggs.

Place half the water and half the sugar into a saucepan. Add cornflour blended with balance of water, grated lemon rind and lemon juice. Stir until boiling, simmer 3 or 4 minutes. Cool slightly. Add butter or substitute and egg-yolks. Beat egg-whites stiffly, gradually add remaining sugar, and beat until mixture stands in peaks. Fold into cooled lemon mixture, fill into pastry-case, chill until set. Serve with cream.

Note: Pastry-case may be either short-crust or biscuit pastry.



# Savory wins £5 prize

An oven-cooked apple and onion savory, lightly flavored with bacon, tops the list of prize-winners in this week's recipe contest.

**A**PPLÉ and onion savory is an excellent accompaniment for roast pork or veal, pork chops, crumbed veal (either cutlets or steak), or for grilled chops, steak, or sausages.

Date and orange cake is a good standby for morning teas and cut lunches. It has the slightly coarse texture characteristic of all quick-mix cakes, but the flavor is good. It is best eaten fresh. This

recipe and a delicious coffee sweet win consolation prizes. All spoon measurements are level.

## APPLE AND ONION SAVORY

Three medium-sized onions, 3 large apples,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped bacon, salt, pepper,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup breadcrumbs, shortening.

Peel onion, peel and core apples. Cut both into 1- $\frac{1}{2}$  in. slices. Arrange with bacon in alternate layers in greased

casserole, sprinkling each layer with salt and pepper. Add water, top with breadcrumbs, dot with shortening. Cover and bake in moderate oven 25 minutes. Uncover, cook further 20 to 30 minutes until apples and onions are tender and top sizzling and brown. Garnish with parsley.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. B. Humphreys, Bridge St., Kensington, S.A.

## DATE AND ORANGE CAKE

Eight ounces self-raising flour, pinch salt, 6oz. sugar, grated rind of  $\frac{1}{2}$  orange, 2 eggs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk, 3oz. butter or substitute, 4oz. dates, 1oz. walnuts or almonds.

Sift flour and salt, add sugar and orange rind. Mix to a smooth batter with beaten eggs and milk. Lastly fold in melted shortening. Fill into greased and lined 7 in. cake-tin. Stuff dates with chopped nuts, keeping a few for decoration. Lightly press dates into mixture. Bake in moderate oven approximately 1 hour. Allow to stand in tin 10 minutes before turning on to cake-cooler to cool. When cold, ice with orange icing and decorate with nuts and dates.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Plowman, 12 Belgrave St., Hawthorn, Vic.

## COFFEE VELVET

Half pint strong whole-milk coffee,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint chilled evaporated milk, 2oz. sugar, 1



**CHILLED COFFEE VELVET**, a simple, luscious sweet for warmer days, is served with brandy-flavored mock cream topped with chopped nuts and grated chocolate. Strawberries add to the appearance and flavor. See recipe.

## Baby's layette pattern

**SUITABLE** clothes are necessary for baby's well-being and comfort.

Many young mothers are not sufficiently experienced to know the type of garments that should be included in a layette.

Sister Mary Jacob, our Mothercraft Nurse, has designed patterns for a practical and pretty layette.

The set of patterns, with instructions for making, includes two dresses, carrying coat, matinee jacket, petticoat, two nightgowns, cotton shirt, rom-

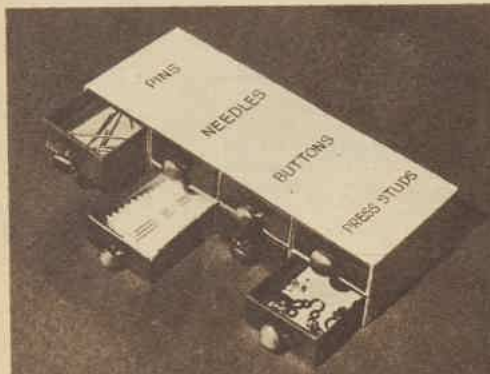
per suit, two pairs of pilchens, and a bonnet.

The set may be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Price, 3/6, postage free.

## PRE-NATAL CLASSES

At our Mothercraft Service Bureau, situated on the 6th Floor at 149 Castlereagh Street, Sydney, daily pre-natal classes are held for the benefit of young Sydney mothers. Telephone M2406, Ext. 290 for further information.

## Miss Precious Minutes



**TINY CHEST OF DRAWERS** made with matchboxes is handy near the ironing table for pins, press-studs, and needles. Glue eight boxes together in two rows of four and cover with washable wallpaper or plastic. Sew a small button on each drawer for a handle knob.

# Find out how good RICE PUDDING can be—make it with Carnation!



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Follow your own recipe—but where it says "Milk" use equal quantities of Carnation and water. Then taste the result. Such creamy flavour! Good cook as you are, you've never before achieved a success like this! It will be the same with every recipe when you use Carnation—pure, country-fresh milk condensed to double-richness. All the cream, vitamins, and minerals are retained, only water is removed. Double-rich Carnation makes food more nourishing, as well as more delicious.

# Carnation MILK

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## COOK'S CORNER

Even the humble potato becomes a 'glamour dish' when cooked with Carnation Milk. This very night, give your family a hearty, tasty treat with



## DUTCH POTATOES



Put a layer of sliced raw potatoes in a well greased oven proof dish. Sprinkle with chopped onion, salt, paprika and a little flour. Repeat these layers until dish is filled within 1 inch from the top. Sprinkle the last layer of potatoes with grated cheese; pour  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup Carnation Milk over the top, lastly add a few pieces of fairly fat bacon. Bake in a moderate oven for 45 to 50 minutes, or until potatoes are tender.

## FRITTERS



Cold meat to use up? Dip slices in this made-in-a-minute batter and surprise the family with crisp tasty fritters.  
1 egg;  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup Carnation Milk;  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water; pinch salt; S.R. Flour.  
Beat egg, add milk and water and salt and sufficient S.R. Flour to make a thick creamy mixture. Dip slices of meat in the mixture and fry in frying pan.

**Fried Fish.** Use the same batter and method.

**Pancakes.** Add to batter one level tablespoon of sugar.

**Apple or Banana Fritters.** Use the pancake batter. Peel and slice fruit, dip in mixture and fry.

PASTE THESE IN YOUR RECIPE BOOK!





**INCURVED CHRYSANTHEMUMS.** Lovely tawny chrysanthemums make a fine show in the garden and for indoor decoration. There are many varieties, the majority of which are at their best at Easter time, lasting until well into the winter months.

## FOR AUTUMN GLORY

Chrysanthemums should be planted out now as they may receive a setback which will affect their flowering if they are left until the weather becomes hot.

OLD clumps should be split up during late winter after the basal growths or suckers reach three or four inches high. Any that were divided then, and set out in garden nursery beds, will be ready to move into permanent places now.

They need rich, well-drained soil and an open position. Chrysanthemums grown in semi-shade may bloom, but they are never as satisfactory or as big as those raised in full sunlight, and the flowers will open later.

Mistakes made with chrysanthemums include allowing the clumps to develop year after year without lifting or dividing, planting them too close, and planting in poor sand or a heavy soil that retains too much water.

For best results chrysanthemums should be lifted and the clumps split up into single growths each year.

They will go two to three years at most without such attention, but they develop so many stems and draw on the nourishment to such an extent that the blooms suffer badly in quality after the second year.

Experts who grow them for exhibition usually divide them in August or September, planting each rooted sucker in the best soil available. In the warmer climates these are sometimes potted up and kept in a cool glasshouse until October, when they must be planted out of doors.

Potted in good fibrous loam they will develop excellent rooting systems and do not receive any setback when transplanting is done, provided the ball of soil and roots is not unduly disturbed.

The plants like firm conditions and object very

strongly to over-close cultivation when well established. This is due to their surface-rooting habits, for the plants throw out rhizomatous growths that root on the under side. If damaged by the hoe or spade, the plants frequently fail.

One thing about chrysanthemums that the beginner knows very little is "stopping" or "pinching back." This is merely taking out the tops of the plants when they begin to grow "leggy," and is done to check the plants forming buds too soon.

Very early varieties have to be stopped when they have formed about ten pairs of leaves. The half-open top pair and the growing point are removed.

This results in the development of sturdier stems and

each plant some sulphate of ammonia in weak solution.

Sulphate of ammonia contains up to 22 per cent. nitrogen, which is a leaf-forcing chemical, therefore the dose applied should be weak—not more than 1 oz. to 2 gallons of water. Apply when the ground is moist.

Throughout the summer months water must be applied regularly, but in moderation. One thorough drenching a week is sufficient in normal weather, but if the season should be very hot and dry, or heat-wave conditions set in, more may be needed.

Stake up plants early and tie at intervals as they grow tall. The wood is very brittle and if the branches flop and later turn upwards towards the light, as they always do, they cannot be straightened out. Periodical tying up to stakes, however, will prevent the trouble. Plants that develop many stems may need half a dozen or more stakes to hold up the stems.

The worst diseases of the chrysanthemum are rust, mildew, verticillium wilt (incurable), and leaf spot. Rust and mildew can be checked by removing the badly affected leaves and spraying or dusting with lime-sulphur.

An occasional spraying of Bordeaux mixture acts as a preventive of most of these troubles during hot, humid periods.

Many pests spoil chrysanthemums, the worst being black aphids, which ruin the buds unless controlled by D.D.T. spraying; slugs and snails, caterpillars of various kinds, and red spider mites. D.D.T. will kill practically all of them except the slugs and snails which should be baited with bran and methaldolide.

It is difficult to recommend a list of named varieties. Gardeners are advised to choose from catalogues.

—Our Home Gardener



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Continuing . . .

# The Romance of Mr. Menafee

gons, bills, and posters had been changed to "GREENE & HADLEY'S CIRCO AMERICANO Y BOBO."

Here, in the Paris of the Americas, the Queen City of Argentina, the circus again abandoned its tent and moved into the huge Teatro Colon, seating nearly four thousand people, and settled down for an indefinite run. It seemed as though the Argentines would never tire of Bobo.

It was there that the echo of the past came once more to Henry Menafee. One of the Risley acrobats received from a former colleague, who had joined another act, a programme of the Barnum and Bailey Circus, which had opened its spring engagement in New York, and showed it around. It came into the hands of Menafee, too, who looked through it with the interest the circus trouper felt for the Greatest Show on Earth.

It was with a curious kind of shock that he came upon the item "Act 18, Centre Ring, THE RIDING TIGANIS—Europe's Foremost Equestrian Troupe Fresh From Their Sensational Triumph on the Continent, in a Hippodrome of Grace, Beauty, and Daring Unparalleled."

And yet it was less a shock than in a way a relief. All had gone well with his loved ones. They had made mighty strides from Harry Will's little horse-drawn caravan show. Peter would be grown taller, stronger, and more skilled by now, Serena lovelier and more graceful than ever. He saw again Neddo, Aldo, and Fiermonte in their running leaps astride.

Good, dear, honest people. They had won their success. Deep in Menafee there was still the unhealed scar of his

from page 55

humiliation, the empty longing of his love for Serena. But the news brought a kind of peace to him.

Thus it was when the South American agent for a famous circus magnate of England approached Bobo with an offer for an engagement in England at a fabulous salary, the way had been paved in a manner for Henry Menafee to accept. The Tiganis and Peter were no longer in England. He was homesick. The thought of returning there filled him with nostalgia.

And that is how it came about that Bobo, the famed South American clown, went to his triumph in London, and the man who had once been Henry Menafee, headmaster of Chisholm Manor School, returned to the land of his birth.

One year after his success in the capital and a triumphal tour of the country at the highest salary ever paid any clown, the war broke out. It was still the static war, however, and the circus played its winter season and made a short tour that summer. It was when they passed through Chester, on that tour, that Bobo made some discreet inquiries.

He learned that Chisholm Manor School had been sold and was being turned into a convalescent hospital. The former owner, Agnes Menafee, had divorced her husband. Shortly after the granting of the decree, she had remarried. Her husband was one George Bothenford, a wealthy cheese merchant of Chester. El Bobo smiled to himself. The circle was complete.

That autumn, the blitz struck and Bobo, quitting the

arena and stage, returned to the children who needed him.

In the early part of May, when the fields and hedgerows were yellow with primroses, the bombers moved northwards to Hull to shed their deadly loads on docks and factories, and to Hull, in the springtime, came Bobo. He was there the day the first swarms of Nazi planes appeared.

As always, he went where the children were huddled, and with his guitar and a song and his foolishness, he gave them courage.

St. Barthelme's Church still stood, though all the windows and half the roof were gone, but the pews and benches remained in orderly rows on the littered floor. Here for the day's lessons came the children in shorts and sweaters and faded jackets. One day their teacher faced them with a smile and an air of mystery.

"Children . . . We have a little surprise for you today. If you'll all keep very quiet . . ."

Up from behind a bench, like a jack-in-the-box, sprang a grotesque figure with stiff, blue hair. Up into the air, on to a table in a split, head falling forward doll-like, then jerking back yet again to survey them all with an air of surprised delight.

"Bobo! It's Bobo! I say, Bobo's come . . ."

The cry spread from the inside to the outside, and was taken up in the street and passed along: "Hurrah! They say Bobo's come. At St. Barthelme's. Come on, then!"

They came, scurrying and running from all quarters, the grown-ups as well as the young ones, soldiers, seamen, workers

## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

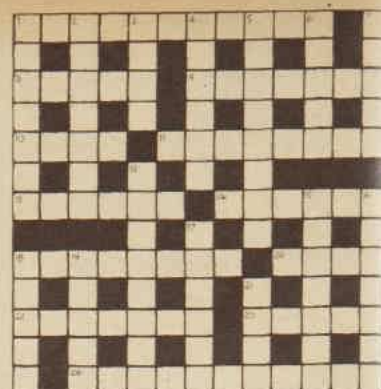
ACROSS

1. Cardinal, invest money in a lunatic. (11)
8. Plunder to reversed human automaton. (9)
9. Hails in lines of communication. (7)
10. Appearance of Andersen's duckling. (4)
11. Company promoters, but they can be a fat loser. (8)
12. I've a finish as a start for a curly-leaved chloery. (6)
14. Kewpie a biblical city hidden in forehead. (6)
18. Mother to loiter and pretend to be sick. (8)
20. Shakespearean king. (4)
22. 500 insect eggs turned in case. (7)
23. Pat is likely to be this. (5)
24. Su b trust should be exercised on a vessel. (11)

Solution will be published next week.



Solution to last week's crossword.



DOWN

1. Look for melody. (7)
2. Bit gently a pinpoint which lost blood. (7)
3. Before a poker player's stake. (4)
4. Little Edward with damaged bile can be eaten. (6)
5. Sailor follow sailor before us to get to hell. (8)
6. With an ease in a new one you have a better prospect of living. (5)
7. Endures in shoe-models. (5)
12. When day is over there is a smooth ebb or flow. (8)
15. Wine comes from Germany. (7)
16. Surround an aspiration with a broken ripraw and give it to the Navy. (7)
17. Flower growing in the Red Sea? (6)
18. 1000 may lead badly but there is a decoration. (6)
19. Leans over in catalogue. (5)
21. German song Schubert composed many. (4)

on their way to the factories, men and women, young and old. They packed every available inch inside the church and stood outside at the broken doors and shattered windows.

El Bobo sat cross-legged on the table and strummed his guitar and looked them all over with his bright, astonished smile. "What shall it be?"

"Father Christmas! Father Christmas!" came the reply in shouts and squeals of delight as they called the name of the song that had made him famous.

"Father Christmas it shall be!" But first he made them scream and roar with laughter, because when it came time to

play it was found that he had lost a hand because he was sitting on it, and when he found it at last he lost the other one, and then somehow a foot got caught behind his ear.

Finally, in his cracked voice he started to sing the song that began:

"I came in Father Christmas' sack,  
He packed me here upon his back  
And set me down upon a tack.  
I jumped this high, alas, alack,  
And hit my head a nasty whack . . ."

and suited the action to the words, the guitar somehow get-

ting in the way as he leaped from his sitting position into the air and hitting his head with a resounding thump.

Across the sky a squadron of Spitfires flew with a thunderous roar. A little girl held in the arms of a woman standing at the rear of the aisle suddenly began to scream piercingly with fear.

A pinwheel of blue and white and red went flip-flapping down the aisle to come to a halt before her and sit cross-legged on the ground. "Come along now, smile," Bobo said, holding out his arms to her.

"Why, you're in my arms,"

To page 61

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are worth  
thousands in the shop*

—1953 PROVERB

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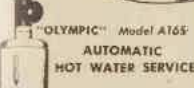
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Continuing . . . . .

## The Romance of Mr. Menafee

[from page 60]

he squeaked. "Now isn't that queer! I ought to be in yours!"

The child stopped her crying, intrigued by the puzzle.

Delight replaced the fear in her face. She gave a little gurgling laugh and threw her arms around Bobo's neck.

From nearby came a voice, low, sweet, thrilling. "Whoever you may be, God bless you!"

Deep in Bobo's heart something vibrated. He looked up quickly, searching for the one who had spoken and looked into the eyes of Serena and Peter.

They stood together at the front of the crowd of spectators, their arms about each other's waist. Peter! Serena? No, no. This was a trick of the imagination, and echo of a voice, the remembrance of deep, dark glistening eyes, a remembrance stimulated by memories that would never die.

From under the ragged cap of the tall, thin boy with the curious slanted eyes and the wide smile there showed a lock of copper hair. Bobo stared again into the eyes of the girl that gazed with such feeling and compassion—the dark, bottomless pools in which he had lost himself that day long past on Castle Head.

Peter! Serena! But they were in America. The Tiganis had never returned to England. How was it possible?

The tall young boy spoke, his voice trembling with admiration. He said: "We were once in the business ourselves. You're wonderful, sir."

Menafee leaped lightly to his feet, suppressing a cry, a cry of love and joy and welcome that welled up within him and was caught in a storm of conflicting thoughts and bitter emotions. How the sweet looks on their faces would change, how they would scorn and hate him if they could see beneath his mask and learned who it was. All the old remembrance of his shame and humiliation flooded his mind and kept him from them.

There was an odd silence now, broken only by the laughter of the child in his arms playing with the puff button at his throat. He set her on the ground, and placed her hand in her mother's. Something he must do or say to break this spell that was upon him, this old, old irresistible call for the boy and the girl, to win time to think, to reason, to know what to do.

He leaped into the air with a "Cheerio!" and then tried to squeak, "God bless us all . . . But something happened to his vocal cords, drawn taut with emotion and the words came in his own voice: "God bless you all . . ."

He flap-flapped away, and so did not see Peter stare and away a little, clutching Serena, or hear his little cry: "Oh, Serena! Did you hear? Could it be . . ."

No one heard them, or anything else but the bitter wailing of the air-raid sirens.

A rustling surge swept through the throng packed inside the shell of the little church, preparations for panic. An A.R.P. man, his face glistening with sweat, ran down the aisle to meet Bobo.

"Can you keep 'em quiet, sir? It's too late for the shelters. They're better off here."

"I'll try . . ."

"If you could make 'em all lie down . . ."

There was a brief streak of color flashing upwards, and there was Bobo seated on the rail of the pulpit, legs hanging down, arms crossed loosely, head bent, like a contemplative doll. The dangerous stir quieted immediately. Bobo looked down into the flower

garden of upturned children's faces, and the people behind them. His eyes searched for the forms of Peter and Serena and found them again. They seemed to be trying to push forward. He said a little prayer: "God spare Peter and Serena." Then—

"Cheerio! Let's all have a song and a game. When I say three, down you go, flat on your faces. First one to look up pays a forfeit. Ready—one, and two, and THREE!"

There was a rustle and a queer wave of laughter as they obeyed.

"Now! Nobody look up, but you must shout out what animal I am . . . Not fair if you look . . ."

"I grunt and squeal, for roots I dig . . ."

"I live on swill, I am a . . ."

"Pig!" came the happy shout, to drown the noise outside.

"Everybody sing Father Christmas with me now. Nobody stop singing until I say. Ready . . ."

Louder and louder swelled the chorus, the voices of the men and women blending with the children in a curious kind of hymn. They were still singing when the "All Clear" sounded, because Bobo had not told them to stop. Then only did they look up and found the reason why.

He lay on the ground beneath the high pulpit looking small and broken and twisted, like a child's doll that has been blown from a shelf. He did not move, even when a dark-eyed girl and a slim youth with copper-red hair reached him and took him in their arms, cried over him, and begged him to live, to come back to them because they had waited and searched for him so long.

**H**ENRY MENAFEE saw the faces of lost Peter and Serena, dimly at first, then growing clearer. Written there he saw love and tenderness shining in their eyes. They seemed to be trying to tell him something, these beloved ghosts from another world.

"They don't hate me," he thought. "They never did . . ."

Here was the end of blindness and of folly that had driven him those lonely years to exile and to bitterness. Here was truth at last, the peace that comes from knowing that pride of reproach can find no place in hearts that love. The loved images seemed to grow more faint. He cried out their names . . .

"Serena! Peter! My dear ones!"

Like the echoes of Derwent-water he seemed to hear his own voice: "Peter . . . Serena," and an answering echo—

"Henry . . ."

"Oh, sir, come back to us . . ."

The mists were lifting, torn by the sweet voices. Brighter and brighter grew the glowing visages of the dark-eyed girl and the red-haired boy. For

one instant, hovering on the border-line of life, he looked up into those faces as though for the last time to search for that which had called to him so long ago.

But all he saw was the human, loving, tender gaze in the deep, dark eyes of the living Serena, and the unshakable affection of a lonely boy who had become to him a son.

Then he was in their arms. He was lying on a bed in a hospital ward. He was in Serena's arms, held to her breast, her cheek pressed to him, her tears on his face. Peter had both his hands, and was holding them, nursing them, calling to him, crying, laughing. The dream was a dream no more. The peace and happiness in his heart had come to stay.

"You didn't forget me?" said Henry Menafee.

He had his answer from the pressure of Serena's arms and her soft cry.

Peter was bending over him. "Forget you? Oh, sir, we never stopped looking for you. Never . . ."

"Peter . . . What happened? I thought you were in America. I read . . ."

"Oh, no, sir. We couldn't leave England without you . . ."

The story came tumbling from the lips of the happy boy. After the night of the tragedy the Tiganis had taken him to Carlisle. He had wanted at first to run away to find Menafee. He was torn between his love for Menafee and the broken-hearted Serena, who needed him, too. In the end he had remained with Serena, hoping that Menafee would come to them again.

When the circus came through Chester, Peter had gone to the school and inquired and learned only that Menafee was no longer there, and no one knew where he had gone.

The following spring, the Tiganis were signed to go to America. Serena, in a stormy scene with her father and mother, had refused to go, for somewhere in England was the man she loved. In the end, she prevailed, and she and Peter were left behind with Harry Will's Circus. With the coming of war the little caravan show had disbanded. Peter and Serena had found work in factories wherever they could, moving from city to city in their search for Menafee.

His heart filling, Menafee looked at these two souls who had given him such meed of loyalty and love and devotion.

"We knew we would find you some day," Peter concluded. "We never gave up looking for you. Oh, sir, sir! Can we three stay together forever now? Can we?"

For a moment, Menafee clung to them both, holding them, feeling the life and warmth and reality of their precious persons, the beating of their hearts, the sweetness of their touch. He could not see them for the tears that blinded his eyes.

When he could speak at last he repeated Peter's phrase: "We three . . . forever."

(Copyright)

## DRAMATIC NEW SERIAL

FIRST instalment will appear next week of "THE MARAS AFFAIR," new serial by Eliot Reed. Set in a fictional capital city behind the Iron Curtain, this is the story of Charles Burton, newspaper representative, who presently finds his job less interesting to him than the safety of his beautiful assistant, Anna Maras.

Drama, intrigue, and swift-moving action, combined with the strong romantic interest, make this a most gripping and readable story.

Watch for the opening instalment in next week's issue.

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## Mandrake the Magician



**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, begin another adventure. A series of mysterious robberies occur. Homes vanish without leaving a trace while the owners are away on holidays. The police chief

calls in Mandrake. Mandrake discovers that the owners all booked their holidays at the same travel agency. Mandrake books a holiday, but he and Lothar keep watch instead of leaving. That night visitors prepare to steal the house. **NOW READ ON:**



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—September 30, 1953



Don't put a cold  
in your  
pocket!



USE KLEENEX  
Disposable Tissues



During colds especially, Kleenex — so soft — soothes your nose, saves money, reduces handkerchief washing. Save on children's handkerchiefs too — put some Kleenex tissues in their schoolbags each morning.

Don't be  
HALF-SAFE!



New Cream Deodorant  
SAFELY STOPS  
PERSPIRATION  
1 to 3 DAYS

Even a daily shower isn't the answer to fashion from underarm odor. It can't stop the perspiration which causes this embarrassment!

So don't be half-safe — Arrid used daily protects two ways:

1. It stops perspiration... safely, effectively... for 1 to 3 days.
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Arrid saves clothes from perspiration stains, rotting, and cloying odors. Arrid is safe for skin, keeps you safe from embarrassment, too.

Buy a jar of the new cream deodorant — Arrid.

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THE STORY OF A SUBMARINE  
By Alastair Marr, D.S.O., D.S.C. and  
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The amazing story of this ship's  
first year of service in the Medi-  
terranean in 1942, written by her  
Captain.

11/6 From all Booksellers.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 30, 1953

TEENA *by Linda Tenny*



LOOK UP A  
LITTLE MORE!  
UP! UP!



THE FIRST THING WE  
HAVE TO DO IS GET  
YOUR PICTURE  
ON FILE WITH  
ALL THE  
CASTING OFFICES.



LUCKY FOR YOU I  
HAVE A CAMERA OR  
YOU'D HAVE TO GET  
YOURSELF ANOTHER  
AGENT!



OH! MR MERRY!!  
WILL YOU TAKE THE  
LAST ONE OF US  
TOGETHER?



'BYE! —AND DON'T  
WORRY—I'LL TAKE CARE  
OF EVERYTHING!!



## Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out  
ready to make

"THERESE".—A smartly styled  
one-piece dress obtainable in striped  
summer breeze cotton. The color  
choice includes pink and white,  
brown and white, green and white,  
red and white, sage-blue and white.

Ready To Wear: Sizes  
32in. and 34in. bust,  
68/6; 36in. and 38in.  
bust, 69/11.

Cut Out Only: Sizes  
32in. and 34in. bust,  
49/3; 36in. and 38in.  
bust, 51/6. Postage and  
registration, 2/9 extra.

"JUDY" AND "KATH".—  
A pretty, lace-trimmed night-  
gown and matching bed jacket.  
The material is rayon crepe-de-  
chine, obtainable in white,  
pale blue, and pale pink.

Ready To Wear: "Judy": Sizes  
32in. and 34in. bust, 67/6;  
36in. and 38in. bust, 69/9.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and  
34in. bust, 46/6; 36in. and  
38in. bust, 48/3. Postage and  
registration, 2/6 extra.

Ready To Wear: "Kath": Sizes  
32in. and 34in. bust, 29/9;  
36in. and 38in. bust, 32/6.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and  
34in. bust, 18/6; 36in. and  
38in. bust, 21/9. Postage and  
registration, 1/9 extra.



\* NOTE: Please make a second  
color choice. No C.O.D. orders  
accepted. If ordering by mail,  
send to address given on page  
38. Frocks may be inspected  
or obtained immediately at  
Fashion Patterns, 645 Harris  
St., Ultimo, Sydney.

Keep your  
hands clean!

BEFORE  
any  
dirty work  
rub in

"BARRIER"  
CREAM

Not a dirty mark on the towel!

At work—at home—anywhere, any time,  
rub in "BARRIER" CREAM before starting  
any dirty work. Afterwards, hands wash  
clean with soap and water... see how free  
from ingrained dirt your hands are, without  
harsh scrubbing. Stainless "BARRIER"  
CREAM keeps your hands clean,  
smooth and protected.

ALWAYS HAVE  
"BARRIER" CREAM



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For Use in the Prevention  
and Treatment of Industrial  
Dermatitis and Skin Irritations.  
3 1/2 oz. Tube, 2/6; 4 oz. Jar, 3/-.  
At all Chemists and Stores.

"If it's FAULDING'S — it's Pure!"



IT'S TWICE THE  
FUN NOW YOU'VE  
MAZDAS IN  
THE GARDEN



MAZDA  
LAMPS

STAY  
BRIGHTER  
LONGER

AUSTRALIAN  
GENERAL ELECTRIC

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KNOW THE WAY to carefree comfort and good looks? It's via Casben Walk-Shorts. Nothing approaches Casben's careful cut, Casben's sure styling. Nothing gives you back so much more than its cost, in comfort and faithful service. See the new season's Casben Walk-Shorts soon — not even Casben has ever done better!

P.S. All roads lead to stores that stock Casbens!

Illustrated: This good-looking couple has chosen Walk-Shorts in Casben's exciting new CONTRAST-POCKET style. Both are in Sanforized cotton gaberdine, in a very wide colour range. (Girl's white sharkskin bra-top, cleverly boned, is another Casben 1954 special!)



Walk-Shorts by



**Make this test!** Compare Casbens with any shorts you like. Look inside! See how much better finished Casbens are—the quality in every detail. You could pay a little less—or more—but you can't buy finer than Casben.

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